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NIMROD ABROAD.

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ETC. ETC.

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NIMROD ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

SPORTING IN AMERICA.

Racing in the United States and Canada—Nova Scotia—New Brunswick—Halifax Jockey-club—Hurdle races in New Brunswick—A singular leap—Four-mile races—Their advantages in encouraging strength as well as speed—Advantage of breeding from sound animals—Unrivalled superiority of English blood and training—The American Eclipse—Black Maria—Her astonishing performances—Immense stakes—American sporting writers—Portrait of Black Maria—A trainer to be sold by auction—Jonathan's description of a crack racer—A training establishment at New York—Jockey-clubs in America—Their regulations—11,000*l.* stake—Mameluke—American trotting horses.

THAT the Americans should have taken to racing, and in good earnest, is by no means to be wondered at, when we consider

the relationship of their country to our own, and the dashing character they have exhibited to the world in all speculations which affect the pocket; although late occurrences in the commercial world have shewn that their spirit of enterprise has occasionally outstripped their means. But it is not merely in the United States that the passion for the race-course has become strong. In the British provinces in North America, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the right old English feeling is kept up, and all such sports as the country affords are likewise entered into with spirit. At Halifax, for example, there is a well-established jockey-club, and two race-meetings in the year, to perpetuate which the legislators of those colonies have expended large sums for the purchase and importation of English blood.

Even hurdle-races have been introduced in New Brunswick, keeping up their

charter for accidents of various descriptions,—amongst them the fracture of his collar-bone, by Lord William Hill, of the 43rd, and a leap over two horses in a carriage by another amateur rider, whose courser bolted with him into the crowd.

The fact of four-mile races not being abandoned in America, leads me to remark that many good judges of racing in England, looking at the legitimate end of the pursuit, lament the abolishing of them in Great Britain. That our race-horses have the character of being less stout than they were—speed and quickness on their legs at starting being the grand desiderata in short races—I fear I must be compelled to admit. I must also allow, that the Americans, as well as other foreign horse-buyers—the Germans especially—have read us a lesson on another most material point—namely, the general necessity of breeding from sound animals; a point not so much attended to

as it ought to have been in our own country, and which accounts for so few of our race-horses continuing in training beyond a certain period. This called forth the following remark in the preface to the second volume of the "English General Stud-Book," published in 1822:

"If any proof were wanting of the superiority of the English breed of horses over that of every other country, it might be found in the avidity with which they are sought by foreigners. The exportation of them to Russia, France, Germany, &c., for the last four years has been so considerable, as to render it an object of some importance in a commercial point of view. But this advantage some of our continental neighbours are of opinion will not long remain with us; they are fully aware of the source from whence we derive this superiority, and are in consequence endeavouring to establish races on the English plan, which, *together with a more*

careful selection of stud-horses and mares than we observe in England, will very soon, they say, enable them to excel us, and they anticipate a day, not very distant, when the English must send to the Continent, if not for speedy, at least for sound horses."

I have had two convincing proofs of the stoutness of the horses selected or bred for the American turf. The first was, in a race which took place just ten years back, and created extreme interest in the country. The editor of the American "Turf Register" sent me a copy of the number in which an account was given of it; and I must say I never read a better or more soul-stirring description of any similar event than the one here alluded to. The contest lay between two American-bred horses, but of course of English blood, namely—"American Eclipse," and "Sir Henry"—and was won, if my memory does not fail me, by Eclipse, after a succession of desperate struggles in three or four-mile heats.

I was also favoured last year with a copy of the "New York Spirit of the Times," a weekly journal, devoted in great part to sporting, containing the pedigree, characteristics, and performances of a mare called Black Maria, accompanied by a portrait of her. It appears that her sire was the above-named Eclipse, and her dam a celebrated racer of her day, named Lady Lightfoot, who won nearly thirty races, the majority at four mile heats, and was never beaten but once, *in her eleventh year*, and then by Eclipse, over the Union course. She was also the dam of several other celebrated American racers—amongst them, Shark, by the said Eclipse, sold when in training to J. C. Craig, Esq., for 17,500 dollars. The grandam of Black Maria was another prodigy as to stoutness, running on to her fourteenth year, when she was sold for 2500 dollars, the highest price ever before paid for an American-bred brood mare.

But to return to Black Maria. Her first

start, at three years old, was for what is styled in America, "a match made on blood,"—with us, "a produce match"—of 5000 dollars a-side, which she won at two two-mile heats, carrying 8st. 7lbs., and running the last heat in three minutes fifty-eight seconds, over a heavy course. As in the match between Eclipse and Sir Henry, this was north *versus* south, and hence the vast interest created. She afterwards started twenty-five times, winning in thirteen races —eleven of them jockey-club plates, at three and four mile heats—the sum of 14,900 dollars, public money. It must be observed, however, that as the value of the stakes she won has greatly increased since her career ended, in 1835, her winnings would have amounted to 18,500 dollars, had she been on the turf five years later. It is quite evident that this excellent animal, emphatically described as being when well, "too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the

strong," was oftentimes brought to the post when quite unfit to start. Then again, accounting for her defeats, it is asserted that her owner, John C. Stevens, Esq., of New York, never pays forfeit "if his horse can stand on three legs." Such conduct is all in favour of the public, but unfair towards horses, and in the course of time it may be presumed Mr. Stevens will know better than to throw away a chance—a practice the system of racing cannot by any means afford.

In 1834, a colt called Shark, own brother to Maria, after beating her over the Union-course for the Jockey-club plate, was sold for 17,500 dollars, the largest sum ever then paid for an American race-horse; and Maria's fame in the racing world was the cause of the largest stakes being made that has ever been made in that country—namely, a produce stakes of 5000 dollars each, 1000 forfeit, which is yet to be run—

distance four miles. The produce of twenty-nine mares are named—that of Maria being by Luzborough; and the amount of the stakes to the winner, supposing all to come to the post, would be 145,000 dollars! This event will be decided in 1843, and as may be supposed, has excited great attention to the American turf, being the largest amount of money ever run for. The stakes closed in January last.

Independently of a little needful correction of terms—such as "track" for "course," "bracing up" for "pulling or gathering up" the reins in a set-to; "turf-man" for "racing-man," and a few more misnomers—I admire the spirit as well as graphic language, in which descriptions of American races are given, and will produce a few extracts from a record of one of Black Maria's victories—namely, the jockey-club plate over the Union-course, *at five heats*—from the pen of a distinguished member of the

New York bar—" a gentleman," says the editor of the " Spirit of the Times," " whose taste and judgment in everything pertaining to horseflesh, is only equalled by the extent and variety of his legal acquirements."

The start is thus described :—

" After the horses were brought upon the ground, much anxiety was exhibited as to the event of the coming contest; and the interesting little *Trifle* appeared to be a favourite among the betters as well as the spectators. Indeed, the offspring of the far-famed Lady Lightfoot (Black Maria) appeared to have but few friends, and bets were repeatedly offered that she would not take a heat. Prepossessions in favour of the southern mare (Trifle) appeared to exist amongst a decided majority of the spectators; and as she was foaled 'south of Mason and Dixon's line,' it appeared a matter of course that she was to win. In-

deed, if unfailing spirits, beauty of form, and a peculiar quietness of manner, could supply the defect of size, *Trifle* would not be considered as such in anything but name. She is a race-horse in every just sense of the word, but a race-horse of a small pattern—of just proportions, undoubted bottom, and considerable power. Black Maria, in size and general appearance, is in all respects unlike her rival; her colour is indicated by her name, and her great size, strength, and stride, show her a worthy daughter of a noble sire.

"Lady Relief and Slim (two other competitors in the race) were almost unknown to fame; but certain individuals present were aware that the former had, upon a previous occasion, won the last half of sixteen miles; and *they* looked for spirit, unexpected by others, if it should happen that the first heats were not taken (i. e., won) by Trifle or Maria.

"As the trumpet sounded for the horses to come to the starting-post, they severally appeared, exhibiting their various tempers by their individual behaviour. Black Maria shewed neither alarm nor anxiety. She was as calm and unimpassioned as if she had been a mere spectator; and this coldness of demeanour won no 'golden opinions' among the lookers on. Trifle exhibited high spirits, a slight tremor ran through her frame, and an impatient lifting of the forefoot shewed that she was alive to the coming struggle. Lady Relief, on the contrary, was all fire and animation—ready to break away from her groom, and dash through all obstacles for the sake of victory; and Slim exhibited a patient spirit, seeming, by her anxiety, to shew herself a descendant from that Childers who always ran without whip or spur."

The first heat was won by Maria, after an interesting struggle, when the writer

proceeds to describe the result of the second, which proved what is called a dead one, with Trifle—running the four miles in seven minutes and fifty seconds; considered a severe pace for the soft state of the ground after rain, and Slim lost her distance.

"Here, again," says he, "all were at fault. One party was crying out to the rider of Maria, 'Why did you not stir yourself? One blow of the whip before you came to the distance-post would have won the race.'

"'I had no whip, sir,' was the answer. 'Maria wont bear it. It *discourages* her. She must run under a pull, with the spur as an admonisher.'

"A thousand rumours were afloat. Trifle was as gay as a bird—in no way distressed. She had *posed* the 'big un,' who looked as imagination said, both 'sick and sorry.' It was a 'safe thing,' and 'Black Maria can't win.' 'She's done up,' went round like wildfire from mouth to mouth.

"In the meantime Lady Relief was little thought of; but a Jerseyman was heard to say, 'We'll shew 'em some of the Eclipse pluck yet, before we have done.' At the sounding of the trumpet for the third heat, Trifle and Relief came up in great spirits, while Black Maria seemed in no way ambitious of another trial. But *she is always cool;* and as her mode of starting is reluctant and slow, nothing can be argued from her spirits."

Trifle, it appears, won this heat by a mistake committed by the rider of Relief, who had a good lead in the fourth mile. The writer thus proceeds in his remarks on the heat:—

"Black Maria was well up during the whole race, but she now fell into complete disfavour, and 'she's done up,' went round the field with great confidence."

It is the writer's opinion, that Relief could have taken this heat had she been urged up to the judge's stand, and that she

ought to have won it. As it was, Trifle, who well deserved her honours and the admiration of her friends, had been victorious. She had run twelve miles, winning the twelfth, and the little game creature appeared as fresh as ever. It was now settled that she was to win the money, although it might be that Relief, who was fast rising in favour, might make her run for it. Indeed, the latter did not seem in full vigour until she had run two heats; and now her nostrils opened, and she pawed the ground as if just brought on the course.

"They are saddled for the fourth heat; and here is to be a struggle until sixteen miles from the beginning are to be accomplished. Black Maria is in no way distressed, Relief is full of spirits, but '*Trifle is to win the money.*' Off they go at the tap of the drum; Relief takes the lead, followed by Trifle, and then Black Maria. Miles are passed over, and yet Relief is ahead.

'How is this! can't Trifle pass? Is the Jersey mare ahead?' She is indeed, and ahead like to be. A better, truer, tougher bit of stuff never came from the loins of old Eclipse. She takes the track from the score! Trifle goes at her, but she 'can't do it.' Three miles and a half are accomplished, and Maria has passed Trifle, and is close at the heels of Jersey. Now they come up the straight side. Maria is at her. and Relief takes the whip like a glutton. Maria comes up and laps her—she's at her shoulder—but they pass the stand, and Relief takes the heat by a neck!"

"Huzza for Jersey!" rings over the course; and a look of pity is cast upon the gallant little Trifle, who had done her utmost. "Black Maria wont come again," says a wise one, with a knowing look. "I don't know that," says a Yorker. "If she had run twenty straight yards further, she would have taken the heat."

"She is distressed," is the reply.

"Distressed! may be she is; I saw her lay her ears back, and lash out with her hind feet, after her rider dismounted from the sixteen miles, as if her sinews were of whipcord.'

Here was an interesting point; *five* heats in all were to be run, and twenty miles to be passed over.

"The like was never seen on this course before," says a Long Islander. "Bottoms" the word—how go the bets?"

"At a stand still; Trifle is distressed; but Lady Relief has more life in her than anything that ever ran sixteen miles before."

Up they come for a fifth heat; Relief all fire, Trifle *very* sorry, and Black Maria begins to paw the ground: *this she had not done before.* Off they go; Relief a-head, Trifle after her, and Black Maria allowing

no gap. She sticks to them like a spirit, and in the nineteenth mile the gallant little Trifle is obliged to give it up. The Eclipse mares are obstinately determined to "play out the play," and the little chesnut is taken off the track, completely done up.

Now comes a struggle for the honours of a *twentieth* mile, between two half sisters —whalebone both—and "never give it up" is the word. Black Maria pushes up the straight side as you enter upon the fourth (the twentieth) mile, with a stride that counts terribly upon the steps of the Lady, who has *relief* now in nothing but name. Maria is so close upon her that she almost touches her heels. She pushes round the turn, and goes at her on the straight side, like a quarter horse. They brush down the straight side with invincible courage; but that long untiring stride is too much for Relief. Maria gives her the go-by, takes

the track—keeps it in spite of all exertions —leads round the turn, and thunders up towards the judge's stand, hard-in-hand, untouched by whip or spur—passes the goal for the twentieth time, and wins the race!

"Neither of the Eclipse mares appeared much distressed, and they ran the last mile with the greatest spirit and stoutness. Relief is a nag of the most extraordinary bottom. She seems to become fresher after twelve miles, and then runs off as gay as a lark. As for Black Maria, she is literally 'too fast for the speedy, and too strong for the stout.' She ran the twentieth mile with a freshness and vigour that surprised every body, and the spectators at last actually conceded that she is '*game.*' She ran at her antagonists every heat, and at last let them know what it was to run for the honours of the twentieth mile."

Of the three placed first in this memorable race, Black Maria was the first to recover. She came out in the following May against a strong field, and won; while Trifle was crippled, and laid up till the September season of the ensuing year. Lady Relief died within a few weeks from cold and exhaustion.

"Who that was present that day," adds this graphic narrator of a race, "and marked the meek expressive glance cast up towards the judges by one of the doomed ones (Black Maria) when brought up to struggle through a fifth heat, will never forget it."

The following is the order in which the horses, or rather mares, were placed in this extraordinary race.

Black Maria . .	1	0	2	2	1	
Lady Relief .	3	3	3	1	2	
Trifle . . .	2	0	1	3	dist.	
Slim . . .	4	dist.				

The following is also the time in which each four-mile heat was run:

Heats.	*Min.*	*Sec.*
First	8	6
Second	7	35
Third	8	13
Fourth	8	30
Fifth	8	47
	41	31

I consider the above to be a high rate of speed over a heavy course; but it is worthy of notice, that the next time Black Maria ran, she covered three miles in five minutes forty-two seconds, said to be the maximum speed previously experienced on the American turf; and a laughable anecdote follows the mention of this race. Mr. Stevens, the owner of Maria, had ordered her to be thrown out of training; but Bill Patrick, her trainer, was unwilling to obey the order, and absolutely had her out every day, either after dark in the evening, or before daylight, every time opportunity afforded

without danger of detection, and galloped her on the sandy road leading across the mouth of Spring Creek, never venturing to bring her out on the private training track. During one of these nocturnal gallops, a wag informed the said "Bill" that his master was coming down the road, on which he whipped down to the mill, and getting a grist, carried it home on the mare's back. This occurred within less than a fortnight of the very fast race to which I have just alluded.

I think my readers will allow, that the learned gentleman, in this case, has made the most of his subject. Independently of correctness of detail and the interest which he has never failed to attach to the proceedings of each individual heat, he has lost no opportunity of introducing the effect of the strong party-spirit which has never ceased to exist between the northern and southern competitors on the American turf. The

performance in question is highly creditable to the judgment of those who imported the blood, which has, in this case, proved so stout, and at the same time by no means deficient in the fellow-quality, speed; and it is worthy of remark, that the other beaten mare, Trifle, was a winner of eighteen races, at twenty-four starts—sixteen of them at three and four-mile heats.

The portrait of Black Maria is said to be a faithful one, but being taken at the close of her racing career, and at the termination of a severe campaign, when consequently low in flesh, it is by no means a flattering one. Yet, under any circumstances, allowing the likeness to be correct, she cannot be called a handsome mare, but one coming under our denomination of a wiry-looking animal, tough as whipcord itself. Her head is not handsome, but, what is better, well set on. Her neck comes well out of her shoulders, which are broad and muscular,

although somewhat upright—a point not so objectionable to a racer as to either a hunter or a hackney, to both of which the oblique shoulder is indispensable to safety in action as well as in leaping. She rises high in her withers ; her arms are long and muscular, with short and very flat cannon bones—a most material point in all horses, as far as the wear of the legs is concerned —also with good knees and great depth of chest, so essential to good wind.

In proof that horses can run under high weights and at long distances, in all forms, the couplings of this mare appear deficient, and her quarters droop considerably. On the other hand, her loins are arched, her thighs and gaskins muscular, with clean hocks very near the ground. She is said to have drawn rather light, as the term is, in her training ; and such was her prodigious stride, that when "brushing"—*Anglicé*, stretched out at speed—she is reported to

have covered twenty-four feet at a stroke; which is two feet more than the celebrated Hambletonian covered on Newmarket Heath, and was considered the maximum extension of a race-horse in the gallop.*

It is clear that the Americans can train their horses to *run on*, and at a high rate of speed. And no doubt this rare qualification enhances their value in the market—I mean the man-market, not the horse-market: a short time back, I saw an advertisement announcing an experienced trainer of race-horses *on sale to the best bidder!*

* Since the above was written, I have received a very valuable present from Mr. Porter, the editor of "The New York Spirit of the Times," of two folio volumes of his most useful and entertaining paper, (for the years 1840, 1841,) in which are portraits of the most celebrated English and American-bred horses that have distinguished themselves on the American turf. The generality of English sportsmen—at all events, of readers—would be surprised at the details given in those pages of the sporting proceedings in the New World.

Would my limits permit, I could produce several more equally spirited descriptions of American races, and especially one reported in the paper from which I have already quoted, of a desperate contest between two celebrated horses of last year —viz., Portsmouth and Boston, over the Petersburg race-course. One specimen I must give. Speaking of Portsmouth, "a splendid colt, put up in the highest form," the reporter proceeds:—"He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his '*pints*,' jist imagine the pictur of a d—d thundering fine horse —the best four-year old in the world, and you have some idea of Portsmouth; but we must saddle, and lead up."

On another race, in allusion to "*condition*," the reporter represents Master Henry making play from the tap of the drum, and never headed; and after the heat, "*he blew*

out strong, and cooled off finely, while Argyle was excessively distressed!"

Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the system of breeding and training of race-horses in America has arrived, by the following abstract of the advertisement of a training establishment and farm for sale, situated ten miles from New York. There appear to be two hundred and twenty feet of stabling, containing twenty loose boxes, paved, with a portico in front to protect horses while washing their legs; with wire doors for the summer. There are also paddocks for horses out of training, houses for the trainer and the stable-boys, granaries, &c., with a good course for training on.

To the number of jockey-clubs in America I am unable to speak with decision; but it does not appear that at present there is one at New York after the plans of those at Newmarket and Paris. The social and convivial meetings at those of Newmarket

and Paris no doubt greatly contribute to preserve the spirit of racing; and many matches and sweepstakes are made at them which would not otherwise be thought of. One established at Maryland, in the year 1830, subjects its members to the observance of no less than forty-one articles, and is under the direction and control of the following acting members of it: president, first vice-president, second ditto, treasurer, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, five stewards, and three timers. The only circumstances in the articles worthy of notice are, first, as to what is called "distance;" secondly, time between the heats; thirdly, gambling on the course—all of which might be imitated by us with advantage. The distance-stand with us is the same for all lengths of course, but it is herein specified, that it shall be only sixty yards for one-mile heats, and sixty additional yards for every mile in a heat. Then the time between the heats,

with us, is always half an hour. Here it is regulated by the length of the course run over. For example: twenty minutes for one-mile heats; thirty-two for two-mile heats; forty for three-mile heats, and forty-five for four-mile heats. There is a kind feeling towards horses in these regulations, which all persons must approve of. Article thirty-eight expresses, that "No gambling shall be permitted on the grounds under control of the club, and a committee shall be designated by the president for the time being, with authority to employ police-officers to aid them to arrest and bring to punishment all persons attempting to violate this rule." What robbery would be prevented by such a proceeding as this in England! The new jockey-club at Cincinatti, the metropolis of the West, is advertised in the paper before me, and promises to "carry on the war" with spirit.

There is a well-conducted jockey-club at

Halifax, where there are annually three days' racing; and a cup, value one hundred guineas, is given for thorough-bred three-year-olds. Great attention is paid to the careful registering of pedigrees, after the manner of our stud-book, and the legislature gives every encouragement to the importation of good English horses and mares, whose produce is fast spreading throughout all the colonies in this part of the new world.

To shew the value the Americans attach to stoutness in their race-horses, an annual "table," as they call it, is published, giving, at one glance, the name, colour, and pedigree of every winner of a four-mile race in the Union, together with the weight carried, and the time made, the horses beaten, the course, the day of the race, and the page in the "Turf Register," on which a description of the race in full may be found.

Amongst American purchasers of English

racing blood, as well as spirited owners and breeders of thorough-bred stock in their own country, several write M.D. to their names. For example: Dr. Merritt is as well known at Tattersall's, and to all celebrated English racing men, as he is in his own country; and it was he who gave the large sum for Priam, sire of the renowned Crucifix, who, it is thought, would have beat Eclipse on the spot, had they been of the same year. There are also several colonels deep on the American turf; and it has been stated, that the late Colonel John Taylor, of Mount Airy, Virginia, cleared not less than 50,000 dollars by his investments in thorough-bred racing stock.

The spirited way in which the Americans have made their investments deserves success; and one instance of it is recorded by me in my article on "The Turf," in the "Quarterly Review." I stated the fact of the American Consul of his day, in England, authorizing a friend of the late Earl Derby

to offer his lordship 7000 guineas for Sir Peter Teazle! And such a price for a race-horse in those days, is equal to double the sum now, reasoning from the comparative value of the stakes, which, at the present day, throws our Derby into the shade. For example: Where but in America do we hear of a 44,000 dollar stake, equal to 11,000*l.* sterling, which was run over the Union-course in the spring of 1838? But as the value of the prize tempts the pirate, it is such prizes as this which bring good horses to the post in all countries, and the following striking passage is from a letter to myself from the Baron Biel, of German racing celebrity.

"It is lucky," says he, "we continental sportsmen do not come into competition with the Americans; for unless they neglect their breeding-studs, they must soon be on a par with England on the turf, as they get your best blood."

Then the baron proceeds to a remark in

reference to France, which it would be well if all breeders of race-horses would profit by.

"I was much surprised," he says, "at hearing that the French government had purchased Mameluke for the stud. He is certainly a very fine and well-shaped horse, barring his shoulders, and, at all events, was a first-rate race-horse. But then look at his stock! Though he has had some of the very best mares, he has scarcely produced a middling race-horse, and I know not, without exception, any young stock so vulgar and unbloodlike as his. But such observations are generally lost on persons who purchase horses for government studs, as they generally only look at the individual, and never think of his produce. For my own part, I would not have given one hundred pounds for Mameluke."

America has been celebrated for trotting-horses, and to them I believe England yields

the *pas;* and I have reason to believe this superiority is, in great measure, to be attributed to the exertions of a society or club, formed some fifteen or twenty years back, at Philadelphia, for the improvement of road horses; racing in the gallop being, at that period, forbidden in that state. And the first race of this description, *i. e.* trotting, which I can find recorded, exhibits extraordinary speed. Five horses started, the distance being two miles, the best of heats—the last of which was performed by the winner in five minutes and thirty-seven seconds, at the rate of twenty-one miles in the hour, and a little over! The weight carried was 150 lbs., being the *minimum* in all the trotting matches of this club. It is, however, not unworthy of remark, that the reporter of the proceedings of the various trotting-matches of the meeting says, "The majority of the best trotters now in the United States are descended from the im-

ported English racer, Messenger, by Mambrino,* bred by the late Earl Grosvenor," three of whose produce were then living, and the sires of the best roadsters and fastest trotters in the country, both for speed and bottom. Rattler, who, with Tom Thumb, distinguished himself so much in England a few years back, was the produce of an English horse by a Canadian mare. But it is recorded that their performances were outdone by a mare called Betsy Baker, by American Mambrino (a son of Messenger, by English Mambrino), who is said to have trotted twenty miles within the hour. Tom Thumb is described as a Naraganset, a breed of trotters whose origin is unknown; and his appearance certainly denoted something out of the common

* Mambrino, a gray horse, by Engineer, dam by Cade, also bred by Earl Grosvenor, was one of the most splendid horses of his day, as may be seen by a portrait of him by Stubbs, in the possession of Mr. Tattersall, of London.

way. Both himself and Rattler were horses of very mean appearance.

In the accounts of the various trotting-races at the meeting of which I have been speaking, the main objection to such contests—and found to have existed, in some cases, to the extent of losing the race by the horse that could have won it, and extinguishing the chances of others—is the difficulty, and oftentimes the impossibility, of preventing horses from breaking from the trot to the gallop, under the usual excitements of a race-course.

I have reason to believe, that ere this, the records of all the great trotting-matches over the several trotting courses of America, have been published in what is called "a tabular form, at all distances, from one mile to one hundred."

I do not believe, despite the above assertion to the contrary, that, up to this time, any horse has trotted twenty miles within

the hour, although a very near approach to it was made over the Union-course (Long Island), by Mr. M'Leod's Paul Pry, who, carrying 138 lbs., did eighteen miles and thirty-six yards in fifty-eight minutes, fifty-two seconds. And it appears, from "Bell's Life" of the 27th of September, 1841, that up to that time, eighteen miles had not been trotted in an hour, in any match in England.

In connexion with this subject, I may give the following as a characteristic *native* example of the mode of "reporting" races in America. It is from the paper I have already spoken of—the "Spirit of the Times."

"*Tuesday, Sept.* 22.—Purse 200 dollars, free for all trotting horses; weights 145lb, whether under the saddle or in harness; two mile heats, in harness.

Messrs. M'Mann & Spark's gr g Washington,
. . . . H. Woodruff 1 2 1
James M. Hamill's b g Dutchman, Owner 2 1 2
Time, 5 18½—5 17—5 26½.

"Dutchman was the favourite at 100 to 25, and the Philadelphians, with many of the champion's friends in these parts, spread themselves on him to the size of their pile. When Dutchman was taken out of Hiram's hands last year, after he had won with him some 15,000 dollars or more, and placed him quite at the head of the trotting turf, Hiram was confident he could beat him, and determined he would before a year passed over his head. His knowledge of Dutchman's abilities, and his remarkable tact and skill as a trainer and jockey, were never more strongly demonstrated than on the present occasion. He fairly won the race out of the fire, and as he came in, the thousands in the stands gave him three cheers that made the welkin ring.

"Both horses were about up to the mark in condition, though Dutchman might have been drawn a shade finer to advantage.

'He felt rather too fine,' as the jockeys have it, and skipped and broke up several times. Washington took the lead at starting, and kept it throughout the first heat, in consequence of the breaks alluded to, though the circumstance did not materially affect the odds. In the second heat Dutchman behaved better, took up his old stroke, and would have won handily had Hiram held the ribbons over him. As it was he took the heat after a severe contest, each horse being alternately ahead. Washington's only chance now was to put the issue on a brush. Accordingly, in the third heat, Hiram trailed Dutchman for a mile and a half, when he pulled out and challenged for the lead; a desperate struggle ensued, which lasted to the end, Washington eventually winning the heat and race in splendid style. Up the entire quarter stretch both horses were out and doing their best, and whether it was on account of a little sectional feeling.

or admiration of Hiram's jockeyship, we are not aware, but as he led past the stand a gallant winner the spectators greeted him with tremendous cheers.

" On the Thursday following Dutchman was again beaten. The following is the account :—

" Purse, 200 dollars, free for all ; two mile heats, under the saddle.

D. Bryan's gr m Lady Suffolk .			Owner	1	1
J. M. Hamill's b g Dutchman . . .				2	2
Time of 1st mile	2	29	Time of 1st mile	2	29
" " 2d "	2	30	" " 2d "	2	44½
" First heat	4	59	" Second heat	5	13½

" Wonders will never cease! The ' grey mare has proved the better horse,' and no mistake ! The ' boys' got a higher fall on this occasion than when Washington ' popt it' to the champion. Grey is becoming popular as a *fast* colour. Half the trotting world hereabouts are ' down on their luck,' while the other half ' rise and shine like corn-dodgers in harvest time.'

"On the present occasion Dutchman was the favourite at 100 to 80. After several false starts they got off well together at the top of their rate, making play from the score; Dutchman broke at the first turn, and the mare headed him by several lengths; she gradually and slowly widened the gap, and finally won by a few feet short of a distance. Indeed it was the opinion of half the spectators that he would have been shut out had the individual in the distance stand struck his flag when telegraphed by that in the judge's stand. The mare kept up a steady stroke from end to end, and the pace was tremendous, being within a second of the two last miles of Dutchman's celebrated match *v.* time, in July, 1839, on the Beacon-course, which is the fastest time on record. His three miles on that occasion were trotted in 2 34½—2 28—2 30.

"In the second heat, Hiram Woodruff rode Dutchman in place of his owner, and,

notwithstanding the horse was jockeyed in superb style, Lady Suffolk won the heat by 75 yards. Dutchman was evidently too high in flesh, not having had work enough. The mare looked more like a high-bred racer than a trotting horse, but her owner was fearful she would disappoint her friends from want of more work. She evinced thorough game, however, while the horse, at the close of the heat, appeared unaccountably tired.

"On Friday Lady Suffolk was again successful in a match with Aaron Burr. Two matches were made, the first for 2000 dollars, in which Lady Suffolk received ft. 500 dollars. In the second she trotted Aaron Burr, 500 dollars to 250; two mile heats, in harness, weight 145. The match came off as follows:—

"D. Bryan's gr m Lady Suffolk . Owner 2 1 1
R. Water's b g Aaron Burr . H. Woodruff 1 2 2
Time 5 22—5 21—5 35

"Lady Suffolk did not go for the first heat,

but relying on her condition, allowed the horse to win handily; the consequence was that 2 to 1 on him was the current price, and taken freely. In the second heat, however, the grey mare opened the eyes of the suckers, by going the first mile in 2 36, and winning that and the third heat like a trump."

I never was an admirer of very fast trotting. It is ungentlemanlike; and it is distressing to a horse to urge him *to the top of his speed in that pace;* consequently, it soon wears him out. I, however, once rode as umpire to a match of this nature, over a turnpike road, fifteen miles in the hour, which was lost by a few seconds, occasioned by the mare breaking into a gallop twice; and I could not help being surprised at the apparently fast gallop at which I was carried, to keep near her.

The mention of the above fact—that of officiating as umpire—reminds me of the

most extraordinary match, in my opinion, that was ever made and won, and to which I was requested by the officers of the 15th hussars, then quartered at Brighton, to act as umpire, in consequence of the large sums depending upon it. A horse was backed to walk three miles, to trot three miles, and to gallop three miles within the same hour, all of which he did!

CHAPTER II.

American gentlemen — Fox-hunting in America — Washington a fox-hunter—His kennel and hounds —Sporting hospitalities of Mount Vernon—Washington on horseback—Blueskin—An American huntsman—Grey foxes—Extraordinary black fox —The red fox unknown in America before the Revolution—The Duke of Beaufort—A sporting parson—Greyhounds and hawks—A descendant of Thomas à Becket—Training of hawks—Technicalities of hawking—Archery—Wolf-hunting in America—A Wolf-hunt described—Fox-hunting in Canada—Sporting butcher—A Canadian huntsman—Anecdote of one—A sporting-club dinner—A run with the Montreal fox-hounds—How to astonish the natives—Patriotism of fox-hunters—Steeple-chasing in Canada—The merchant's place —Racing in Canada—Its origin and patrons—Deer-stalking in Canada—Singular scene of night-hunting—A sporting baroness—Her extraordinary doings in the field.

On the eve of the departure of the Great Western steam-ship for New York, last winter but one, I was thrown into the so-

ciety, by being in the same carriage on the railroad with five young Americans, on their road to Bristol, for the purpose of returning to their own country, after six weeks' sojourn in ours. They were evidently *gentlemen*, in the strict acceptation of the word, although young ones, and with the worst face outwards, by reason of their having had a jollification together the preceding night—the champagne with which they had finished at four A. M. still effervescing in their young warm blood. Moreover, I could perceive by the dogs their servants had in their care, that they were sportsmen, and they most good-humouredly answered all the questions I ventured to put to them on the subject of their national pastimes. In fact, they were what we call "fine young fellows," apparently up to any fun; but gentlemanlike withal, verifying the axiom —that a gentleman of one country is a gentleman in all countries.

From the little conversation I this day held with my fellow-travellers, I had reason to believe that America is not suited to fox-hunting, and consequently that fox-hunting is not one of the prevailing pastimes of its people. Still it was one of the favourite pursuits of the "father of their country"—the great General Washington—whose doings in the field and elsewhere in his sporting career, are thus technically described:—

"The time which General Washington could spare from his other avocations, between the years 1759 and 1774, was considerably devoted to the chase. His kennel was situate about one hundred yards south of the family vault in which now repose his venerated remains. The building was a rude structure, but affording comfortable quarters for the hounds, with a large enclosure paled in, having in the midst of it a spring of running water. The pack was very

numerous and select—the colonel visiting and inspecting his kennel morning and evening, after the same manner as he did his stables. It was his pride, and a proof of his skill in hunting, to have his pack so critically drafted as to speed and bottom, that in running, if one leading dog should lose the scent, another was at hand immediately to recover it; and thus, when in full cry, to use a sporting phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket.

"During the season, Mount Vernon (the general's residence) had many sporting guests from the neighbourhood, from Maryland, and elsewhere. Their visits were not of days but weeks, and they were entertained in the good old style of Virginia's ancient hospitality. Washington, always superbly mounted, in true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, leather breeches, top-boots, velvet cap, and whip with long thong—took the field at day-

dawn with his huntsman, Will Lee, his friends, and neighbours; and none rode more gallantly the chase, nor with voice more cheerly awakened echo in the woodland, than he who was afterwards destined, by voice and example, to cheer his countrymen in their glorious struggle for independence and empire. Such was the hunting-establishment at Mount Vernon prior to the revolution!

"The custom was to hunt three times a-week, weather permitting. Breakfast was served in these mornings by candle-light, the General always breaking his fast with an Indian-corn cake and a bowl of milk; and 'ere the cock had done salutation to the morn,' the whole cavalcade would often have left the house, and the fox frequently unkennelled before sunrise.

"Those who have seen Washington on horseback, will admit that he was the most accomplished of cavaliers, in the true sense

and perfection of the character ; he rode, as he did every thing, with ease, elegance, and with power. The vicious propensities of horses were of no moment to this skilful and daring rider. He always said that he required but one good quality in a horse—'to go along ;' and ridiculed the idea of its being even possible that he should be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on its legs. Indeed, the perfect and sinewy frame of this admirable man, gave him such a surpassing grip with his knees, that a horse might as soon disencumber itself of the saddle as of such a rider.

"The general usually rode in the chase a horse called Blueskin, of a dark iron-grey colour, approaching to blue. This was a fine but fiery animal, and of great endurance in a long run. Will, the huntsman, better known in revolutionary lore as 'Billy,' rode a horse called Chinkling, a surprising leaper, and made very much like

his rider—low but sturdy, and of great bone and muscle.

"Will had but one order, which was to keep with the hounds; and mounted on Chinkling, a French horn at his back, throwing himself almost at length on the animal, with his spur in his flank, this fearless horseman would rush at full speed through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast.

"There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which aged and timid hunters, and ladies, could enjoy the exhilarating cry without risk of life or limb; but Washington rode gaily up to his hounds, through all the difficulties and dangers of the grounds on which he hunted; nor spared he his generous steed, as the distended nostrils of Blueskin often would shew; always in at the death, and yielding to no man in the honour of the brush.

"The foxes hunted fifty years ago were grey foxes, with one exception; this was a famous black fox, which, differing from his brethren of 'orders grey,' would flourish his brush, set his pursuers at defiance, and go from ten to twenty miles an end, distancing both dogs and men; and what was truly remarkable, would return to his place of starting the same night, so as always to be found there the ensuing morning. After seven or eight severe runs, Billy recommended that the black reynard should be let alone, giving it as his opinion that he was very near akin to another sable character, inhabiting a lower region, and as remarkable for his wiles. The advice was adopted from necessity; and ever hereafter, in throwing off the hounds, care was taken to avoid the haunt of the unconquerable black fox.

"The chase ended, the party would return to the mansion-house, where at the

well-spread board, and with cheerful glass, the feats of the leading dog, the most gallant horse, or the boldest rider, together with the prowess of the famous black fox, were all discussed; while Washington, never permitting even his pleasures to infringe upon the order and regularity of his habits, would, after a few glasses of Madeira, return to his supperless bed at nine o'clock."

It appears, that, up to a certain period, the red fox was unknown in America, and was imported from England to the eastern shore of Maryland by a gentleman of the name of Smith; and that it emigrated across the ice to Virginia, in the hard winter of 1779, 80, when the Chesapeake was frozen over. As to what are the peculiarities of American foxes, or their good or bad qualities for the chase, I am unable to speak; but his Grace the Duke of Beaufort has tried the experiment of crossing our native breed with them, having turned

out a brace in his covers at Badmington Park, Gloucestershire. The cross with French foxes was not found to answer, the variety being remarkable for deficiency in stoutness; and in their own country, unlike the hares, which are proverbial for being stout before greyhounds, they do not stand long before hounds, when the scent is good. This, however, was to a certain degree accounted for to me, by the quantity of moles eaten by them, those animals being scarcely ever destroyed in France.

The following, from a transatlantic correspondent, is an excellent description of what may be called an American sporting parson, to whom, a few years back, England could have produced a host of parallels; and whether the absence of such characters in rural districts has been attended with any signal success to the morals of their parishioners, is a questionable point.

"There is an old gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Broders, in this country, and I expect the only one in any part of America, whose person is constantly attended by those distinguishing companions of a gentleman, the greyhound and the hawk.

"The old gentleman sounds the silver trumpet of the gospel on Sundays; courses his greyhounds, or gazehounds, as he calls them, flies his hawks, and kisses a young wife, 'charming, chaste, and twenty-three,' to whom he is just married, any other day in the week. He is pious and learned, benevolent and convivial, and is among the last of that band of 'the administrators of the gospel,' who had the parochial care of our souls before the Revolution, when the church held up her head in Virginia, and at whose houses we always found at least three good things—good wines, good dinners, and family prayers. It would do your heart good to see the venerable old gentle-

man, mounted on his fine horse, Orthodox, with his hawks Death and Devil on his fist; and his beautiful greyhounds, Romeo and Juliet, by his side.

"Though seventy years of age, his colloquial powers are unimpaired; his society is much sought after; his conversation instructs the young, and amuses the learned; his literary attainments are great, having received his education at that seat of science, Oxford, in England; his piety, his learning, his benevolence, and his social feelings, make him a universal favourite with young and old.

"The old gentleman has no objection to betting twenty-five cents, a sum of no great pecuniary magnitude, on a race; if he loses, his serenity is not lost with it; and if he is successful, he boasts of his judgment, and is sure to give his winnings to some ragged urchin on the spot. He plays an excellent hand at whist, but hawking is his favourite

amusement; and the lost privileges of the church, and his own pedigree, are his favourite themes.

"He insists he was descended in a direct line from Thomas à Becket, who he says was descended from Jean de Brodeau, Duke de Saintonga, who was one of the followers of William the Conqueror. He is devoted to horticultural amusements, and so tastefully is his garden arranged and improved, that the reverend old gentleman says he should not be surprised if one of these days the descendants of Cain, as Adam's heirs at law, should claim his tulip beds as part and parcel of the garden of Eden; and he knows many a lawyer who would take a fee in the case.

"I can give you no account of his manner of training his hawks; he is too enveloped in technicals for me to comprehend one word he says on that subject. I don't understand him any more than a

plain common sense man could his own case in a Court of Common Law, on a plain action for debt.

" 'I think, Parson Broders,' said I to him the other day, 'that Merlin is a finer bird than Devil.'

" 'You are mistaken, Sir,' said he. 'Devil is descended from the goshawks of Puglia; Merlin is a fine bird too—he is from the Tyrone in Ulster. Merlin is a better partridger—but look at the proportions and shape of Devil—small head, long face, deep set, nares black, pounces large, —and she has such force, Sir.'

" He then spoke of training with jesses and bewets—keeping hawks hooded until they leave off their ramageness—unsealing them always by candlelight—causing them to plume on the leg of a pullet—that they should be creanced at a distance; howet, howet, retrieve a first and second time; mew and mewtings, &c., &c.:—all of which was heathen Greek to me.

"The reverend gentleman is moreover an excellent archer, having twice won the silver arrow from the Hainault foresters, at the Fairlop Oak, when a student in England; both of which are now in the possession of his son, a distinguished wrangler at the bar of one of our county courts. He frequently makes a cut at his son, the lawyer, by telling him that his are not the only trained hawks in the community; in fact, old Commodore Trunnion never hated those land sharks more than the Reverend Mr. Broders.

"The old gentleman, owing to his education, is high church and tory in his principles; and avers, that except the *pa*-rent country, (by which name he always calls England), the county of Fairfax can afford the best horses, the best dogs, the most game, the best huntsmen, the best shots, the best fish, the cleverest fellows, and the prettiest girls in all Christendom."

It appears that wolf-hunting is practised

in several parts of America, and interesting descriptions of it are given by the author of "The Backwoods in America," and others.

A writer in the "American Sporting Magazine," speaking of the prairie wolf (*canis latrans*), says, that although an experienced hunter of such animals, he had never seen a dog that could catch and kill a wolf single-handed, although he has heard of it having been done.

"The wolf," says he, "seldom gives battle of its own accord, but when overtaken, it fights with all the fury of a coward driven to despair."

The writer's success in the death of one is here well described:—

"One day, last December, we mounted and took the field, three in number, accompanied by four couples of stag, and a leash of greyhounds. We first drew the little woods on the east side of Chicago river, and started in it one of those midnight

prowlers which I have just described. He was trailed up handsomely by the hounds, the woods echoing and re-echoing with their loud, deep notes. After seeking safety in the woods for half-an-hour, but finding it an insecure retreat, he dashed out, and attempted to cross the frozen stream. But before he could reach the friendly protection of the high grass on the opposite bank, 'Old Nero,' the black greyhound, fastened his fangs in his haunch, and kept him in durance until the other dogs came up and completed the work. Nero was pretty well marked, though it would have been hard for a stranger to distinguish this scar amongst the many that seamed his iron visage—the honourable memorials of many a hard-fought conflict."

Again we find this spirited and graphic detail, by the same sportsman, of another chase of the wolf ending in blood:—

"Having ornamented one of the neigh-

bouring trees with the countenance of the vagrant, we continued to hunt up the river. The prairie is very level, and objects can be distinguished at a great distance upon its surface, when it is, as it then was, covered with snow. About a mile and a half off, a small black object was seen upon the shining white. It was unanimously agreed to be a wolf, and our horses were urged to their utmost speed to cut him off from the wood, as he had smelt us, and was making for cover. It was some time before the grey-hounds saw him, but the stag-hounds were coming up rapidly on his trail. As the wolf rose upon a gentle eminence, Nero got a glimpse of him, and the 'levin in its wrath' is not quicker than he started and flew—Rolla pushing hard after, and Cora a little further behind. After a severe run of a mile, Nero ran against the wolf and knocked him head over heels in the snow, and ere he could recover his footing, seized

him by the neck; Rolla and Cora came up to aid him. How they fought until I came up, I don't know; but when I arrived, the common hounds had throttled the unfortunate gentleman, and so—he died."

The tenaciousness of life, by these destroying animals, is confirmed on the authority of several American hunters of them. In one instance, seven balls took effect without producing immediate death; and in another, a she-wolf recovered from three desperate wounds of a similar description, producing the loss of one foot, from which circumstance she was known as "the three-legged wolf," and the most notorious pest that had ever infested the part of the country in which she prowled.

There is fox-hunting as well as racing in Canada; a pack of fox-hounds are kept at Montreal, and are said to owe their origin

to a sporting English butcher, who brought a few couples with him from the mother country. A club was afterwards formed, and the hounds being hunted by a very clever fellow, named Morris, have shewed as much sport as, from their short season and awkward country, could have been looked for.

The following excellent description of the huntsman to the Montreal pack was given some time ago in a number of the "New Sporting Magazine:"—

"Morris, the present huntsman, who had been whip somewhere in England, succeeded 'Marrowbones' (i. e., the butcher who set the thing a-going), and a better hand to get away with hounds, and live with them, never wore a cap. His nerve is astonishing, and he rides a horse well calculated to indulge his aspiring propensities. Set Morris on York, and what will stop them? No man as yet was ever born perfect; and it

would be better if Morris had some of his predecessor's, old Smithfield's, qualities in cover, in seeing more of his hounds, and keeping a keener eye to them, when going from, and coming home. But he has many redeeming virtues.

"They hunted until the present season the immediate neighbourhood of Montreal, and a country called 'Point Clair,' almost eighteen miles from home. The former was heavy work, large covers and large swamps; and 'Jean Baptiste,' harped on by Monsieur Papineau, occasionally turned out with pitchforks, and even with guns, to stop *les sacrés chasseurs du roi,* as they termed the lads in scarlet.

"And here a good story of Morris will not be out of place. Wishing to go the nearest way from one cover to another, the field, early last season, took a road leading through the farm of an inhabitant, and passed close to his dwelling; but on ap-

proaching the *maison*, they were met by the whole force thereof, *le père de famille* armed with a gun, his sons with pitchforks, whilst the women screamed *sacré* on the red-coated riders. Not wishing to raise a whole village by shewing fight, they turned their horses' heads to the regular road. Morris, however, not liking so much trouble, cleared a five-railed fence, and was making his way at a canter, with the pack at his heels, when he was brought up by some late standing oats, and surrounded by the owners of the soil. Sadly beset by three or four of the pitchfork-armed, he, either to give the field notice of his danger, or by chance, pulled out his horn, when, to his astonishment, down on their marrow-bones dropped his formidable foes, crying out most heartily, '*O mon Dieu, ne tirez pas.*' Morris, taking advantage of their, to him, glorious mistake, nearly frightened them to death, and then rode off to tell the field so good a joke."

After describing the club-dinner, at which, as is the case with most other hunting club-dinners, "the flow of soul and song, the ebullition of honest English feeling, true to church and state, the sporting toasts, and more sporting men who surrounded the mahogany, told that England's sons were there," this spirited writer thus puts before his readers the most interesting parts of a run which the same pack had in a fresh country, having given up that of Point Clair, on account of its great distance from Montreal:—

"Strong was the muster at the traverse-boat in the morning, and ominously joyful looked the face of each man as he rode into the boat. A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed it a hunting morning, and many a joking prognostication was made as to what was to take place, until landed on the opposite shore. They began by trying some small covers about four miles from

the place of landing, which were drawn blank. They then headed towards La Prairie, and it was not long before was heard Morris's welcome sound of 'Hark to Music! hark!' He (the fox) had gone off in great haste, and it was some time before the pack got away to the leading hounds. Together, however, they got, with a burning scent, and there they went, bursting from one small knoll of grass and weeds to another, with a crash of tongue that was maddening. His line was evidently to a large cover, not a great distance off. This, however, he merely skirted; and now they gallantly headed to the common country, before described, with a scent breast high, and the pace a racing one. He went straight for almost four miles, when he was headed back by some people ploughing, and made again for the small covers where he was found. These he ran through, going his best for the large one; but instead of re-

signing, or staying in this piece of old cover, he went through it like a line. And now the pack dashed into view, fast and direct for the Chumbly river, which they soon reached, and now they stem the running stream. *Water* was something new to two of the field, now leading, who pulled rein, and cast many a wistful look at the gallant pack as they shot away over the La Prairie common, whilst a tablecloth might have covered them. Morris, however, at the moment came up, and went at it, as he goes at everything, jumping down a bank into the river. Old York disappeared, and the only thing to be seen was the cap of his rider. Duck-like, however, they rose again, and in a few seconds every scarlet coat was breast-high in the Chumbly's turbid waters. 'Forward!' was the cry. His line was now evidently right across the La Prairie common, and across it he did go, and those after him that would not leave

him, crossing the new line of railroad between that and St. John's, and he was run into about a mile further on. Most of the field were up to see the worry. The distance gone over, *without a check*, must have been something like fourteen miles."

It appears the Montreal fox-hounds have now entered upon their twelfth season, and are the only regularly-appointed pack on the entire continent of North America; and although for the first two or three years they had many difficulties to contend against, yet, by spirit and perseverance on the part of the club, everything connected with the hounds and kennel has been brought to a state of efficiency that would bear a comparison with many provincial packs in the old country.

But, it may be asked, how can the chase be carried on, according to English notions of it, in a land where nearly all is wood and forest? This, however, is not the case.

Although immense woods abound in Canada, the district of Montreal is well cultivated and populous, and for the most part cleared of its primeval forests. The fencing is chiefly timber, and in parts loose walls; but those of the former description are of a formidable nature, from their strength, as also by the addition of one or two ditches.

The following amusing description is given of a little running-riot of a proprietor, which has, of late years, now and then occurred in our own country :—

"As an instance of what the *suaviter in modo* may sometimes effect with this most primitive people," says the amusing writer I quote from, "I recollect, on one occasion, the hounds coming to a check, the whole field was stopped by a Monsieur Hebert, who protested, with many words, and much gesticulation, *à la Française*, that his farm should not be trespassed upon, for his grounds were injured, his fences broken,

&c. Some of the party were for a knock-down argument, and in the act of proceeding accordingly, when F—— came forward, saying, 'Let me manage him.' F—— first of all bent almost to the saddle-tree, and taking off his hat with a grace, invited monsieur to mount and join in the chase, assuring him little or no injury was done to his grounds; and as for the fences, they were all leaped over, and never so much as touched. '*Nous verrons bientôt cela*,' was the reply, and leading the way to a 'boulein' fence,* looking very much like a stopper, the Frenchman pointed to it with a triumphant wagging of the head. F—— was over before monsieur could look at it a second time, and quickly followed by the whole field, about twenty, and, as good luck would have it, without a single mis-

* Composed of three or four large trunks of the cedar-tree, placed one above the other, with occasionally a ditch on one side or the other.

take. The exclamations of monsieur became more and more energetic as each horseman gallantly cleared his formidable barrier. '*Tonnerre! Mon Dieu!! Sacré bleu!!!*' he exclaimed, sufficiently evincing astonishment and delight, which ended by his giving consent to ride over the farm, and hunt the covers as often as we pleased."

In proof that fox-hunting is the school of war, as the chase is acknowledged to be its image, the writer states that the members of the Montreal hunt were the first to come forward to offer their services in the late rebellion, and also that all the officers, and many of the privates, of the Montreal cavalry, who distinguished themselves at the battle of St. Charles, which is now a matter of history, were fox-hunters good and true.

It appears that steeple-racing is patronized by the Montreal hunt. One took place last year, which the governor and his suite at-

tended. Nine horses started; several of the leaps were from fifteen to eighteen feet in width, and fences five feet high. Six of the horses were distanced. The winner was the property of Colonel Whyte, of the 7th Hussars, and was ridden by himself.

It is worthy of notice, that at Quebec the merchants give a plate of 60*l.* to be run for over the flat course.

Racing in Canada owes its existence—at all events its progress—to the patronage of the late Duke of Richmond, the late Earl Dalhousie, and Lord Aylmer, the several representatives of England's king—King William himself having given a plate to be run for over the Three-Rivers course. For this boon Canadian sportsmen are in great part indebted to that excellent nobleman, Lord Aylmer, who forwarded their memorial to the throne, with a hearty recommendation on his part. The course is said to be inferior to none in any part of the

world, and for extent and beauty of prospect cannot be surpassed.

Deer-stalking is much practised in Canada; and the bear is likewise a beast of vénerie in that country. One method practised in the said exhilarating sport is of a novel character to me. A raft-float, or canoe, is let down a stream, during a mid-summer night, with a bright light upon it. This seems to dazzle or fascinate the animal, who is fond of standing in the water when the musquitos are troublesome in the woods, and if the manœuvre be skilfully managed, without noise, he will allow you to come within a few yards of him; so near, indeed, will he allow you thus to approach, that there have been instances of his having been killed with a fish-spear. A damper, however, is thrown over all systems of deer-stalking in Canada, by the necessity, which is said to be unavoidable, of bivouacking in the woods, instead of in well-aired sheets.

I cannot dismiss the subject of hunting wild and savage animals without alluding to the memorable doings of a French lady of rank, the Baroness de Drack, of whom an account was given by me, in the splendidly illustrated work published two years back, by Messrs. Baily, of London, entitled, "Sporting, by Nimrod." This lady was at the death of six hundred and seventy-three wolves in her time, besides wild stags and other inferior quarry; and it is a singular fact, that the last wolf she killed, her hounds ran into a village in which there was a ducasse, or wake, as we term it, and she shot him from her horse, in the midst of the people. She has been known to kill one wild stag with one pack of hounds and one set of horses in the morning, and another wild stag with fresh hounds and horses in the evening. Nor did she stop here. If neither the boar nor the stag were in season, the wolf and the fox were her game, and such

This truly sporting lady died sixteen years ago, having survived her husband, the Baron de Drack, thirty-six years. She left behind her an excellent private character for unbounded hospitality, great kindness to her servants, and never-failing beneficence to the poor. Of her person I am only able to say, that it appears from her portrait to have borne rather a masculine character, and her face was distinguished by a large wart.

My visit to the late residence of the Baroness de Drack affords me an opportunity of, in some measure, confirming what I said in a previous chapter, on the system of feeding hounds on the continent. One of the servants now left in charge of the chateau was whipper-in to her hounds, and on my asking him on what they were fed, he replied, "Chiefly on bread, and soup from the house."

"Did they not have horseflesh?" said I.

"No, no," answered he, with a signifi-

cant shake of his head, as much as to say, "Do you suppose the Baroness would have given her darlings such food as that?"

The strength of her kennel varied from thirty to fifty couples of working hounds, and that of her stable from eight to ten hunters for herself and her men—rather a short allowance for three days a week, and no fence months; in short, no respite but from bad weather.

CHAPTER III.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

The author's son in India—Tiger-hunting—Hot work—Effects of the climate on hounds—Jackal-hunting—Lord Charles Somerset—Value of a sporting governor—Value of Cape-bred horses—Hottentot jockeys—Expense of getting hounds to India—Steeple-chasing in India—Fatal accidents from it—Tiger hunting—Description of a tiger-hunt—An awkward predicament—Extraordinary escapes—Hunting of the wild hog—Astonishing skill of the natives—Thief-hunting—Danger of hog-hunting—Beating for the wild hog—A hog a match for a tiger—Astonishing speed of the wild hog—An Etonian description of hog-hunting—Singular courage and tenacity of life in the hog—Their immense size—Boar-hunting *versus* fox-hunting.

ALTHOUGH I have a son in India who is very generally acknowledged to be one of the first sportsmen in Bengal (it was only

last year that I heard of his return from a hunting party in which thirty-six tigers were killed) and a horseman of the first class, likewise at the head of a government stud, still, by reason of a natural aversion to pen and ink, I am very little the wiser, through his means, as to the state of sporting affairs in that part of the eastern world. His letter, however, on his first arrival there, is now before me, and it begins thus :—

" We had a famous passage. I have been out with the Calcutta fox-hounds : they are a capital pack, but it is devilish hot work."

I should add " devilish" poor fun—in fact, I cannot fancy fox-hunting in India. The climate kills five hounds out of ten, and greatly impairs the constitution and powers of the survivors—circumstances which must be so discouraging to the owners of them, that it is a matter of surprise that *fox-hounds* are to be found at all in our Indian empire.

Cape-town, where I was agreeably surprised at finding fourteen couple of well-sized and well-shaped dogs, being aware of the mortality that takes place in those brought from England, having in the first year lost three pointers out of four, which I brought out with me. At eleven o'clock we met a field of about twenty gentlemen 'togged' in scarlet, with one or two exceptions, and mounted in a manner that would not have suffered much by a comparison with many English turns-out. A very inviting plain of great extent lay before us, covered with sand and long coarse grass, intersected by ravines of no small dimensions, which a few minutes brought us in closer contact with. After a few false alarms, owing to the dogs running the antelope, with which the country abounds, off went a noble dog-jackal, differing very slightly from our fox, making for the Blue Berg mountain, across the flats. After a

splendid chase of between thirty and forty minutes, with only two checks, they ran into him in fine style, as he was getting through a hedge of aloes, inclosing the garden of a corn-boor. Lord Charles Somerset was in the field to see them throw off, but from not seeing anything further of him I suppose he did not mean hunting on that day."

To shew the value of a *sporting governor*, I quote the following remark of this Cape sportsman:--

"Having every reason," says he, "to be satisfied with the performance of my nag, and finding he had done quite enough for one day, I led him home, and gave up all idea of parting with him, and regretted much not being able to take him with me when I left. So much have the horses of the Cape been improved by the encouragement and zeal of Lord Charles Somerset, who imported every year, at great expense,

some of the best blood in England into this colony, that they have become a most profitable article of exportation to the Isle of France and India, and are very highly prized there, some of them having beaten everything that came against them."

The truth of this assertion is confirmed by the articles of the Calcutta race-course of the last year, where considerable weight is given by Cape-bred horses to those of country-bred (i. e., bred in Bengal), or Arabs.

That Lord Charles Somerset, after so long enjoying the sport of fox-hunting in Leicestershire, should aspire to a place among the Nimrods of the Cape, is more than could have been expected of him; but that his excellency improved the breed of horses to an unexampled extent, is well known, by the encouragement he gave both to hunting and racing in the colony; and I well remember hearing a passage read from his

lady to one of her sisters, giving a humorous description of the Hottentot jockeys, not only without boots, but deeming even shoes and stockings non-necessaries, under a tropical sun.

The expenses attending the importation of fox-hounds into India are enormous—stated to be as high as 50*l.* per couple. A correspondent of the "New Sporting Magazine" says, the Calcutta hunt pay to this extent, and as their annual entry amounts to twenty-five couples, from 1000*l.* to 1200*l.* must be the annual outlay for hounds alone, to say nothing of *et-ceteras*. This outlay is called for by the great mortality occasioned by the climate.

Steeple racing is not much practised in India. The death of two fine young men from falls, cast a damp over this cruel and unsportsmanlike pastime.

It is not in the power of the pen to give an adequate idea of tiger hunting, but there

must be something more than commonly interesting in the pursuit to compensate for the dangers attending it. When we read of these animals measuring nine or ten feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, with paws one blow from which is sufficient to kill a large bullock, we can scarcely reconcile the great amount of the risk with the value of the prize; and yet by the noble exertions of the elephant, few only of their pursuers have been sacrificed. Still some miraculous escapes have been experienced, and the following singular and providential one is thus described by a celebrated Indian sportsman:—

"The spot I selected," says the writer, "was the edge of a tank where a tiger used to drink. There was a large tamarind tree on its banks, and here I took my post. A village shikaree accompanied me, and soon after sunset we took up our position on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground.

I should first mention that we had fastened an unfortunate bullock under the tree for a bait. Well, we remained quietly on our perch for a couple of hours, without anything stirring. It might be eight o'clock; the moon had risen, and so clear was the light, that we could see the jackals at the distance of half a mile, sneaking along towards the village, when a party of Brinparries passing by, stopped to water their bullocks at the tank. They loitered for some time, and becoming impatient, I got off the tree with a single rifle in my hand, and walked towards them, telling them that I was watching a tiger; upon which they started off immediately. I was sauntering back to my post, never dreaming of danger, when the shikaree gave a low whistle, and at the same moment a growl rose from some bushes between me and the tree. To make my situation quite decided, I saw his (the shikaree's) black arm pointing nearly

straight under him, on my side of his post. It was very evident that I could not regain the tree, although I was within twenty paces of it. There was nothing for it but to drop behind a bush, and leave the rest to Providence. If I had moved then, the tiger would have had me to a certainty; besides, I trusted to his killing the bullock, and returning to the jungle as soon as he had finished his supper.

"It was terrible to hear the moans of the wretched bullock when the tiger approached. He would run to the end of his rope, making a desperate effort to break it, and then lie down, shaking in every limb, and bellowing in the most piteous manner. The tiger saw him plain enough, but suspecting something wrong, he walked growling round the tree, as if he did not observe him. At last he made his fatal spring, with a horrid shriek, rather than a roar. I could hear the tortured bullock struggling

under him, uttering faint cries, which became more and more feeble every instant; and then the heavy breathing, half growl, half snort of the monster, as he hung to his neck, sucking his life blood. I know not what possessed me at this moment, but I could not resist the temptation of a shot. I crept up softly within ten yards of him, and kneeling behind a clump of dates, took a deliberate aim at his head, while he lay with his nose buried in the bullock's throat. He started with an angry roar from the carcass when the ball hit him. He stood listening for a moment, then dropped in front of me, uttering a sullen growl. There was nothing but a date bush between us; I had no weapon but my discharged rifle. I felt for my pistols, they had been left on the tree. Then I knew that my hour was come, and all the sins of my life flashed with dreadful distinctness across my mind. I muttered a short prayer,

and tried to prepare myself for death, which seemed inevitable. But what was my peon about all this time? he had the spare guns with him! Oh, as I afterwards learnt, he, poor fellow, was trying in vain to fire my double rifle; but all my locks have bolts, which he did not understand, and he could not cock it. He was a good shikaree, and knew that was my only chance, so when he could do no good, he did nothing. If Mohadeen had been there, he would soon have relieved me, but I had sent him in another direction that day. Well, some minutes passed thus.

"The tiger made no attempt to come at me; a ray of hope cheered me; he might be dying. I peeped through the branches, but my heart sank within me when his bright green eyes met mine, and his hot breath absolutely blew in my face. I slipped back upon my knees in despair, and a growl warned me that even that

slight movement was noticed. But why did he not attack me at once? A tiger is a suspicious, cowardly brute, and will seldom charge unless he sees his prey distinctly. Now I was quite concealed by the date leaves, and while I remained perfectly quiet, I had still a chance. Suspense was becoming intolerable. My rifle lay useless by my side; to attempt to load it would have been instant death. My knees were bruised by the hard gravel, but I dare not move a joint. The tormenting musquitoes swarmed round my face, but I feared to raise my hand to brush them off. Whenever the wind ruffled the leaves that sheltered me, a hoarse growl grated through the stillness of the night. Hours that seemed years rolled on; I could hear the village gong strike each hour of that dreadful night, which I thought would never end. At last the welcome dawn! and oh, how gladly did I hail the first streaks of light

that shot up from the horizon, for then the tiger rose, and sulkily stalked away to some distance. I felt that the danger was past, and rose with a feeling of relief which I cannot describe. Such a night of suffering was enough to turn my brain, and I only wonder that I survived it. I now sent off the peon for the elephant, and before eight o'clock old Goliah had arrived. It was all over in five minutes. The tiger rushed to meet me as soon as I entered the cover, and one ball in the chest dropped him down dead."

Some most miraculous escapes—it is not the fashion of the day to call them "providential"—have been recorded in tiger hunting; none perhaps more so than in the cases of two officers, Messrs. Maggles and Cutbush, of the 36th regiment of Native Cavalry, when pursuing this sport in Bengal, on the 31st of September, 1838.

A tiger of enormous size—twenty-four

feet in length—was roused from his lair by a party to which the above-named gentlemen belonged, and received from them several well-directed balls, though without wounding him sufficiently to cause his death. In his agony, having despatched three of the five dogs by which he was attacked, he sprang upon Mr. Maggles, felling him to the earth with his paw, and seriously lacerating his left side. Mr. Cutbush was his next victim, and he carried him in his mouth into the Humbujjee river. Having his cuttyjack, or *couteau-de-chasse* at his side, he had the presence of mind to run it into the animal's heart, whilst in the middle of the stream, and thus was his life preserved, although much injured in one arm. He was rescued from drowning by one of the chimrouzees who were in attendance; his murderous assailant was drawn from out of the water by the means of a lasso; and when he him-

self was restored to the consciousness of his situation, Captain Drummond and Lieutenant Pinkwell — brother officers — were leaning on their rifles; Lieutenant Maggles was resting on a buddekar, with his left arm in a sling, and the body of the tiger, nearly riddled by balls, stretched in death at their feet. It appeared that, on being stabbed by his intended victim, the tiger raised himself for a moment, presenting a fairer mark to his pursuers, whose unerring rifles put an end to his life, by each putting a ball through his head. The wounded sportsmen recovered.

The sport best adapted to India is hunting the wild hog, in which are displayed not merely the skill, the courage, and the horsemanship of the sportsman, but it likewise requires the aid of no small science in the pursuit to ensure its being crowned with success. The dexterity of the natives in tracing these animals from their place of

feeding or drinking, to that in which they lie, almost exceeds belief.

"When the huntsman (shikaree) first sees the trace of a hog, his object is to make some computation of the probable time that has elapsed since the animal went over the spot. Without the 'trace' is so fresh as to leave no doubt as to the time elapsed, the hunter takes a little mould off the trace, and having rubbed it between his fingers, tells instantly the time, nearly, that has passed since the hog, or other animal, has passed over the ground! Whether this art is obtained by practice, or is an unaccountable gift, I know not; but I incline to the latter opinion. The country over which this trace is carried, is quite incredible; sometimes through deep and dry land, where only a shapeless hole is visible to the unpractised eye; over hard rocks, on which there is no appearance of vegetation; and again through villages where, during the

day, thousands of cattle and goats are driven. One or two circumstances, of which I was an eye-witness, quite astonished me—such as carrying the trace of a single hog six or seven miles, and bringing the party to a single bush in which the animal was lying."

But extraordinary as the above feat appears to be, it retires into the shade before the one which follows,—putting our slotting the hunted stag, or even our blood hounds, very far into the background.

"I will mention one or two facts of this remarkable gift in the pursuit of another animal," (says the same renowned hog-hunter, well known in Bombay,) "a thief, by no means uncommon in our own country. About three months since, a Brahmin, living at Maundeah, was robbed of jewels and money to some amount. Two individuals, celebrated for their dexterity in tracing, were laid on the track of the rob-

bers, which they carried for about forty-five miles, through several populous towns, over mountains and rivers, and along public roads, to a village on the banks of the Runn, sixteen miles from the city of Bhooj. In this village they lost the trace, and could not recover it. Information being sent into Bhooj, an old man, never known to fail in this line was sent to the village, and being shewn the last trace, he recovered the direction, and carried the track across the river, a distance of thirty miles, over marshy and sandy ground, to a lone house near a village, where two of the robbers, and the whole of the stolen property, were found."

Having myself killed one wild hog, I can form some idea of what, under less favourable circumstances, must be the risk to man and horse in the pursuit of so powerful and savage an animal. It must, however, be a most interesting scene to witness half-a-dozen well-mounted young Englishmen

racing neck and neck for the spear, on their highly-bred Arab horses, and I marvel when I think that it has not—to my knowledge at least—been selected as a subject for the painter on a large scale.

The alloy to this sport is the injury to, and too often the death of the horses used in the charge; which latter casualty is thus beautifully and feelingly described in the following soul-stirring passage, from the pen of the author of "Life in the Jungle:"—

"It was on the river's banks that we closed with him, after a chase of three miles. Coronet (the writer's horse) was about a length ahead. Clasher (that of a brother sportsman) at his haunches, pressing me hard; the old horse (Coronet) was well in hand, and had still a puff left in him; the young one, wild and hard to hold, could have gone a mile further at a killing pace, but like all young ones was awkward at a sharp turn. Well, we were first at the

river; Coronet sprang to the spear like an honest horse as he was; I did it inch by inch, and turned off so close that I felt the edge of the bank give way under his hind legs. In went the boar with a grunt when he felt the prick, and Clasher, utterly unable to turn, thundered down after him into the water, luckily well over swimming depth, or it would have been a case. The best of it all was, that Pierce coming up at full speed close behind, who never craned since he was first entered, not knowing that the spear was taken, dashed in too, and there they were in a cloud of spray, blowing like porpoises, ploughing across the foaming river, with the boar swimming in front. They kept digging away at him in the water, while I crossed the ford a few yards lower down, and met the boar as he landed, dyeing the stream with his blood. He came slap at me with the ferocity of a wounded tiger, got under my horse's belly,

and before I could job him to death, poor Coronet's entrails were on the ground. He was ripped from girth to flank, and sank under me with a convulsive shivering; at the moment, the boar, bleeding at the mouth, reeled in his dying agonies and fell by his side. My good, honest old horse, that had carried me so well for five years! I could have wept like a child when I saw him die."

It appears the tusks of this ferocious animal were ten inches in length, and when we consider the immense power in the neck, and in the fore parts of the body of a wild hog, together with an almost unassailable skin, we cannot be surprised at its being asserted, on the experience of hog-hunters in India, that not only would no single-handed dog be able to kill an old boar, but that it is a question whether twenty of the best dogs in England would be equal to that exploit. Still dogs are useful in forcing them to break cover, as they are peculiarly

averse to the sound of their tongues, or indeed to any other noise.

The beating for the wild hog in India is after the following fashion:—A line is formed of about forty persons, at the distance of from ten to twenty yards apart, each being provided with a stick to beat the cover. Other game being generally at hand, the sportsmen are often on foot whilst this operation is going on, with one groom leading a horse immediately behind them, and carrying the spear, which is from ten to twelve feet in length, of bamboo, and shod with iron. Another groom leads a fresh horse about two hundred yards in the rear, and carries another spear in case of its being wanted. In this manner, a large extent of country is beat over in a day, when game, consisting of bustard, black cock, partridges, wild duck, snipes, hares, and quails, are usually met with. Every step, however, is fraught with

anxiety to hear the shout that accompanies the appearance of the "tusky boar." In an instant the guns are consigned to the attendants, and every one is mounted and *away*.

The best runs are with hogs about two-thirds grown; when younger, though they are very speedy, they are in the constant habit of doubling, which is both tedious and annoying. When they are old, they will not run far, but knowing their powers of defence, will at once shew fight. It is then no easy matter to kill them; and when it is considered that an animal of this description is a match for a tiger, and that the latter will not attack him unless under the influence of extreme hunger, it will not be difficult to imagine how dangerous, both for horse and rider, must be the sportsman's encounter with a full-grown hog. The very smallest of them, however, will charge on being overtaken; and their activity is

astonishing, for they will actually spring all-fours from the ground in making their desperate attacks.

The pace at which a hog can run greatly exceeds our expectation from the natural formation of the animal.

"I have seen a very capital Arab horse, and a good racer," says one writer on this sport, "fairly beaten over good ground; and where a hog has a cover in view, with not more than half a mile of plain before him, I think few horses can touch him I have often experienced this myself."

A young Etonian thus describes his *début* at hog-hunting, in a letter to his friends, dated Madras:—

"Friday was a shooting-day—Saturday hog-hunting, when I made my *début* at it. The party, consisting of eight, were all top-sawyers, and no mistake. It is certainly a most noble sport, and I think fully equal to fox-hunting, though so totally different. It

is much more dangerous, but no earthly pen could describe the glorious excitement of it; the waiting by the jungle side, all in a knot, grinding your teeth with suppressed anxiety, your spear all ready, bridle-hand well forward, your heels ready to dig in at the first Tally-ho! and away you go as hard as you can split, no holding hard and riding neat, but slap-dash, neck or nothing, and whoever draws first blood is the victorious hero—provided, however, that the boar is killed; it is nothing if he is only scratched and gets away. 'Drawing first blood' is called 'getting first spear;' and after that it does not signify who kills him, which only counts second. Oh! the cramming at a nullah (a ravine), four in a row, and two a little behind (two having already been '*purled*')—three over, two in, and one horse refusing it—then dashing through thorns, which, without joking, pin your toes to your boots, and tear your clothes to

rags, and your leathers to shivers—then coming right on a blind nullah, fifteen feet broad, twenty deep, and a bad take-off, no time to turn—only two over—then comes the tug of war! I have actually ridden to get first spear with one fellow close alongside of me, and neither knowing, till after the death of the hog, who was near him. The very thought of it almost makes me mad! I don't believe the Duke of Wellington could have felt happier after the battle of Waterloo, than a fellow does who has taken a spear from a hard-riding antagonist. The beauty of hog-hunting is, that you have an enemy fighting for his life, and on something like an equality with oneself; to stand the charge of the fierce, grey-tusked, four-year-old boar, requires pluck and nerve, which distinguishes the man from the spoon."

The following spirited finish to the "Young Etonian's" second day's hog-

hunting, will give the uninitiated a very just idea of what the sportsman encounters in the pursuit:—

"On joining Tondiman, we found that S—tt had had rather a severe fall, and were obliged to send him to the tents on a palanquin, so that only K—y and myself were left, who were determined to have that *big one* K—y had lost. So soon as the beaters were ready in the jungle he had gone into, we posted ourselves, both on fresh horses (I on my favourite Spinetto, which I told you of before: I had sold him, and bought him back, when the fellow who had him went for his health to N.S.W.), determined to do or to die. Tally-ho! and away broke the same brute on the other side of K—y, who had in consequence a tremendous start of me again; however, my gallant Spinetto carried me superbly, clearing nullahs, and banks, and hedges in his stride, and brought me alongside of

K—y after the best run ever seen. K—y got first spear again, when it broke off with the point in him; his death then depended upon me, and as we were now close to the jungle, it was not very easy; so I rode at him, and received his charge three times before I could kill him; but the third thrust went right into his heart, luckily, as my spear broke off, and he died instantaneously. Every poke made him fiercer, and if my horse had not behaved most beautifully it would have been rather ticklish. K—y was looking on, cheering me, not being able to do anything himself; and I confess I was glad when the brute was dead. We had him carried to our tents with the two spear-heads in him, and we were obliged to cut away three inches before we could get at mine; so if the last one had not killed him, he would have got away, as we were both without spears: of course he would have died afterwards, but we

should not have bagged him. He was the largest K—y ever saw, and that's no few; his tusks measured six inches above the gum, and he was larger round the girth than a horse; so you may fancy what a monster he was. I ate some of him this morning for breakfast with great *goût*. Wild hog is splendid eating, as tender as lamb, but such a beautiful jungly flavour, and the fat delicious. I certainly do glory in his death: and, although I say it, if I had not handled my spear well, in his charges he would have ripped up Spinetto and then me; and I do not know which I should have cared for most."

In speaking of hog hunters, I allude to those who are enthusiasts; for it is a sport that will admit no half and half kind of feelings; and with such, the moment "Tally ho!" sounds, all ideas of caution and of self evaporate.

The young boar is active and incautious;

goes off with amazing speed, and fights well. The boar, full grown, affords finer sport; but the grunter just on the turn, is the one to make a man's blood run brisk. The only way to come up with one of this class is, to press him hard the moment he bursts, when he will slacken his pace after about a mile. The moment he sees you have the speed of him, he will turn, and then is the time to give him the blow.

A hog hunter should always keep his game about ten yards a-head of him, a little on the right, so that when he turns, he may have him under his spear hand—for hogs generally turn on the hunter when they come to the stop. This is the time a man's eye and horsemanship tell; if he has a good eye on the hog, and a correct hand on his horse, he does his business for him; and at the moment he delivers his spear into the small of the back (a favourite place), he has his horse off to the left. The force of

the blow checks the hog, and the right spur well put in, takes off the horse. People generally get their horses cut at this critical moment—that is to say, if they miss their aim, and do not quickly get their horse away.

The size hogs grow to is surprising. A spirited writer whom I have quoted, was at the death of one forty-four inches high; and he killed several of forty inches.

The tenacity of life in full grown boars is extraordinary. "I have seen a hog at bay," says the same writer, "with eight spears in him. But it is not so much the chase as the fight that pleases; and yet the ride for the first spear is worth seeing, especially when two sportsmen pretty well matched contend for it. In the energy of such a moment, I have dropped a boar with a single spear. This flatters one's quickness of eye and steady strength of arm, and was once the means of saving a

friend's life, when the hog was at his side. A single spear dropped him dead, within a yard of his fallen foe."

This enthusiastic sportsman draws a comparison between hog hunting and fox hunting, deciding in favour of the former. He says he has seen both, and is of opinion, that were hogs as abundant in England as they used to be in India, foxes would be much neglected. To this opinion, however, I am inclined to demur.

CHAPTER IV.

SPORTING IN INDIA (*continued*).

Variety of game in India—Riding across country—Comparative excellence of English and foreign horses — Racing at Calcutta — Deer-stalking in India — Tiger-hunting — The jungle—Racing at Gibralter—Steeple-chasing—Its dangers and follies —Hawking in India — A day's sport with the Rajah's hawks and cheetahs—Coursing in India—The Persian greyhound—The antelope—Hunting it with Persian greyhounds—Hunting and sporting in Ceylon—Sporting in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.

THE variety of game in India is greater than it is generally believed to be. Saying nothing of boars and tigers, and other *feræ*, which may be reckoned among the principal

beasts of venerie, the Indian sportsman's return of the day's diversion often includes the bustard, the blackcock (a delicious kind of partridge), the partridge, the snipe, the quail, the florikan, the pea-fowl, the pheasant, and the hare; with various aquatic birds, from the cyrus (a magnificent bird of the heron species) to the teal. There are likewise the jungle-fowl and spur-fowl, which afford excellent sport.

What is called "riding across a country," in which so many shades of excellence exist in all who have tried their hands at it, must put to the test both the nerves and the hand of Indian sportsmen. In the first place, the unevenness of the surface, together with the high grass which covers the water-courses, formed by the strong currents of water in the rainy season, which prevents their being seen until you are on the very brink of them, added to cracks in the ground from great heat, requires horses

to be very active on their legs, and their riders to have quick eyes, steady seats, and good hands. Secondly, the ground, if not hard and cracked by heat, is both sloughy and boggy; and lastly, the fences are for the most part of rather a formidable nature, consisting of high banks, walls, with either one or two ditches, broad and awkward brooks, wattled bamboo fences, and every now and then a river to be swum. I have, however, reason to know, that there has been many an Indian sportsman who, could himself and his horse have been magically transported from the side of a cover in Bengal, to Melton Spiney, in Leicestershire, would not have been easily beaten in a quick forty-minutes burst.

As I intend offering a separate chapter on the comparative excellence of English and foreign horses, I shall confine myself at present to a short notice of racing in India, which has long been carried on

with great spirit in the three Presidencies; although a considerable check was given to it in Bengal by the retirement of General Gilbert, who has for the last dozen years or more been a conspicuous character on our own turf, as well as one of the best of our gentlemen jockeys; of Mr. Thornhill, now residing in Oxfordshire; Colonel Stevenson, and others, who entered into the pursuit with an enterprise worthy of Lord George Bentinck himself, and generally with the like success. Suffice it then at present to say, that in two Calcutta meetings of last year, which are said "to rank first on the list after England, whether for the amount of public money, betting, or sport," thirty-eight races were run, matches included; which is quite equal in amount to our two October meetings at Newmarket; although in the value of the stakes the balance is, of course, greatly on the side of the far-famed Olympic of modern days.

Amongst the prizes was the Auckland cup, the annual gift of the Governor-General, value 1600 rupees, for all horses, weight for age, two and a half miles. A sweepstakes of twenty-five gold mohurs (1*l.* 12*s.*) each, ten forfeit, are added to this stakes; English horses carrying 2 st. 7 lbs. more weight than that carried by Arabs—a pretty decisive proof of their superiority. It was won by Mr. Bacon's grey Arabian horse Fieschi, 8st. 8lbs., four other horses being in the race; yet Lucifer, an English horse, carrying 11 st. 11 lbs. could have won, but was not allowed to do so, being the property of the owner of Fieschi, who declared to win with him; time, four minutes fifty-six seconds. "This pretty clearly shews," writes the reporter of this race, "that even in a tropical climate, a first-rate Arab, which Fieschi is, has no chance, even receiving 2 st. 7 lbs. against an English racer." In the same meeting,

Fieschi won a sweepstakes of 100 gold mohurs each, beating three Arabians, and running the two miles in three minutes and fifty seconds, which shews that Lucifer ran in good company. The course boasts an elegant stand for the spectators, and what is more important, plenty of money to be run for, thanks to the inhabitants, male and female, of Calcutta and its environs.

For the following spirited and graphic description of Indian deer-stalking, I am indebted to a sporting periodical.

"The glare of a tropical sun-rise was brightening up a gloomy amphitheatre of hills on the skirts of that eternal forest, which forms a barrier between the barren table-land of the Deccan and the palm-fringed coast of Koman, when a dark figure was seen galloping along the path which led to the jungle. The noise of the horse's hoofs roused a party of natives, who were

squatting in a circle round a fire in front of a ruined hut. One long whiff was inhaled by each of the group from the humble hookah that had been passing round the party, and every man starting up, arranged his turban, and salaamed to the earth, as a tall gaunt European dismounted from a panting Arab. Exposure to the sun had bronzed his features nearly to the tint of their own complexions, and black moustaches gave a still more Asiatic character to the weather-beaten features of the exiled sportsman. Gaiters of deerskins, and a belt of a tiger's hide, from which hung an Affghaun knife, would have told the nature of his pursuits, if the dress of dark-green had not already betrayed the *deer-stalker*. A hunting-cap of green velvet, indented by repeated falls, completed his unbecoming, but characteristic costume. Without a word being spoken, a heavy double-rifle was handed to him by a peon, and loaded with

the utmost care, much to the edification of a band of half-naked beaters, armed with clubs and hatchets, who watched every motion with a grin of savage delight. Till the balls were hammered home, not a word was uttered; and then silence was first broken by one brief question in Hindustanee, addressed to the leader of the band—

"'Any news of the wandering tiger?'

"'The big thief would not come to eat your highness's bullets yesterday, but the star of your fate is great, and she will be in the toils of the hunter before night, God willing; Burmah and the other shikarees are now watching the path where she comes down every day.

"'Very good, we must not disturb that part of the jungle; send the people to mark on the high ground any herds that may be returning from feed, and if I cannot track up a deer before I reach them, we can have a beat in the large ravines.'

"So saying, the deer-stalker strode down the hill, followed by one attendant, who quickly exchanged his white-cotton frock and gaudy turban for a head-dress of leaves, and a pair of short brown drawers, leaving the rest of his person naked. There was nothing at first sight remarkable in the lean, wiry figure of the Mussulman, who followed his master with a noiseless tread that hardly rustled the fallen leaves. But look at him again, and you can trace in the springy step and restless eagle-eye that glanced keenly at every bush, one whose life had been spent amongst the beasts of the forest. He had been promoted to the rank of Jemmadax (equivalent to serjeant), for the courage he displayed by rushing in single-handed, and cutting down a wounded tiger which had seized one of the beaters at a hunting-party; and he was now the favourite attendant of the eccentric sportsman

who had witnessed and rewarded his gallantry.

"The cold damp mist was rising like wreaths of smoke from every valley, and the bushes, wet with the dews of night, showered down their sparkling drops as they brushed by. The jackal's long-protracted howl, as he sneaked like a felon to his den at the approach of day; the merry carol of the shrill-voiced jungle-fowl welcoming the rising sun; and the clear wild scream of the painted partridge from his roost before he alighted, rung in their varied notes through the jungle. The grating cry of the toucan, spreading his piebald wings before the breeze, mingled with the glad notes of the brilliant mina of the Ghauts, while he sat smoothing his ruffled plumage for his first flight. Troops of monkeys alternately chattered, and raising that howl which Coleridge says he can compare only to the din of iron bars rattling up Fleet

Street, the wail of one hundred bagpipes playing at once, and the silly laughter of a crowd of drunken men. The jungle seemed to teem with life, and the whole scene was calculated to raise the spirits even of those whose ear was daily accustomed to listen to and discriminate the cry of every inhabitant of the forest. A sound far more welcome to his ears, the sharp bark of the axis deer raised its voice with the others, and hearing it approach, both dropped, and knelt listening behind a tree, like figures carved from the rock, till the patter of feet approaching became distinctly audible. In another instant a spotted buck stood before them, clearing a path through the cover with his spreading antlers. The long rifle was slowly raised; for one second it rested motionless on the sinewy hand; the trigger was pressed, and a soft plash followed the sharp crack of the fatal tube.

"'Within an inch of his elbow,' muttered the Englishman.

"'The Sahib has made him eat a good ball!' shouted the Mussulman; and both rushed to the spot where the buck, after springing into the air, staggered with the life-blood welling from his side into the thickest part of the bamboo jungle. The trail was plain, and the Mussulman followed it up with the ardour of a blood-hound, till the traces from single drops became splashes of frothy crimson, and the wounded deer was seen struggling to force his tottering frame through the interwoven cover. Again the grooved bore sent its deadly contents with fatal precision, and the buck dropped lifeless, hit between the ears. With the ferocity of a beast of prey throwing itself on its victim, the excited peon dashed at his game, eager to offer up his brief prayer, and bleed the deer, still

kicking in his last agonies, ere life was quite extinct. He was just in time, and after breaking the deer, the two proceeded on their beat in silence, examining every spot where there were traces of game having harboured, either from the nibbled branches, or the broken bark against which the bucks had been rubbing their horns.

"Some miles were traversed without meeting a recent trail. A jungle-dog would occasionally trot across their path, giving an inquiring look, more of curiosity than of fear, at the intruders; and small game, of all sorts, from the pea-fowl to the quail, rose before them unheeded. The sun was now high enough to make objects visible on the dark back-ground, where but a few minutes ago nothing could be distinguished amidst the maze of impenetrable jungle. On a bare peak, about a mile distant, the eye of the Mussulman had been riveted for several minutes, and he now extended his

lean black arm towards it, with a look that spoke more expressively than words. A spy-glass was unslung, and a minute survey taken in silence, during which a group of deer was clearly distinguished feeding upon the high summit. Their position rendered all attempts to approach them useless; they were watched for some time in hopes of their moving to a more favourable situation.

"At least an hour elapsed before any change in their situation afforded a chance of success; when a doe, wandering with her fawn on the plain below towards a favourite nullah, enticed them to join her. As the two men were unseen by any of the herd, a run was now made to intercept them before they could reach the cover. By the time they had gained a narrow neck of land commanding the pass, none of them were visible; but a panting dog returning from the ravine, sufficiently explained the

reason. The sportsman therefore returned to one of the look-out men, posted on a rising ground, which overlooked the whole jungle, to ascertain if the deer had passed. Their line was immediately telegraphed to one of the deep valleys where they were certain to lay up; and here a beat was arranged, with that skill which a knowledge of the country, and of the habits of the animal, and the experience of years in all that related to woodcraft, rendered almost certain of succeeding. The deer, after one attempt to break back, passed at a canter within seventy yards of the post where the unerring rifle-shot was concealed behind a fence of leaves. A noble buck, which led the herd, was selected, and the ball told with that dull sound so welcome to the sportsman's ear. The buck, struck behind the shoulder, staggered a few paces, and dropped in a small nullah, where he lay

kicking till the knife of his pursuer ended his struggles."

Twenty years back, who would have dreamed of races at Gibraltar? Such, however, is the case now, and at the spring meeting of last year, nine prizes were contested for—one of which was for horses the property of members of the Calpe Hunt. This really sounds "sporting;" but only fancy a steeple-chase over this "pillar of Hercules," as the ancients called it! Verily, we have a full account of one which took place last year, attended, not only, as is usually said on those occasions, by "all the beauty and fashion of the place," but, after the usual fashion of those silly, cruel, and unsportsmanlike exhibitions, with sundry appalling accidents, and the death of one of the riders from a fall.

Here is a brief description of the event:—

"The start (eleven horses came to the post) was good. Some of the leading horses made a gap in one of the first fences, towards this point; Highlander and Early Bird made a rush, and coming in contact, both riders were spilt, and nothing more seen of them during the rest of the run, which received a considerable check at the 'wet ditch.' Until this point, Zorab had the lead; but here his Moorish blood got a cooling, for leaping short, both he and his rider went to look for soundings below. Dick Turpin next came up gallantly; but Dame Fortune, determined to shew no more favour to the Aide-de-camp than she had done to the Adjutant, hurled him likewise into the mire; which was destined also to damp the ardour of Mr. Pickwick, which made up the trio of 'mud larkers.' Mulatto at this moment approached the fearful chasm, but not wishing to interrupt the

harmony of the interesting party below, swerved to one side, and taking the leap in a slant direction, lodged on his knees on the opposite bank, pitching his rider over his head. Captain D'Enycourt did not, however, lose his reins, and not being overburdened with ballast, was instantly in his saddle, went over all the succeeding leaps in masterly style, and won the race by his very superior riding, putting besides a good 'lump of tin' into the pocket of Mulatto's master, as the betting had been twenty to one against him.

"A second race was won by Lieutenant Mansell's Sorcerer, but a sad damp was thrown over the amusements of the day by the result of Mr. Sullivan's fall, which has been alluded to above. He was taken up and carried across the bay to his quarters, in one of the boats of H. M. S. Wasp, where he remained insensible for thirty-six

hours, when he breathed his last, from what proved to have been a concussion of the brain."

Hawking is practised with considerable success in India. The following is an account, by Major Archer, of a day's sport with the hawks of a Rajah.

"The Rajah had promised his hawks and cheetahs for the morning's amusement, and at daylight we sallied forth. We were not out long before some royal curlews were discovered feeding in a field, quite unconscious of the array against them; but on being put up, they were fully aware of their danger.

"It may prove interesting, to those unacquainted with Indian field sports, to have that which relates to hawking described; and the present day's sport is instanced, to commemorate as gratifying a specimen of this particular kind as ever was witnessed.

The curlew being roused, and seeing his enemies, screamed loudly, and began to mount almost perpendicularly. The hawk, which was of the long wing, soaring kind, named a bkyree, proceeded in chase. Aware of his inability to rise so fast as his quarry, he went away, as if not disposed to come back, but imperceptibly ascending. Having gone far enough, he tacked, and continued to do so until he was above the curlew. These turns which the hawk makes, are very beautiful, and evince great sagacity.

"In the meantime, the curlew had got so high, as scarcely to be within ken, having also gained a considerable distance from where it rose. It is necessary, therefore, that those following this sport should ride very hard, and the eye and mind being intent on the birds in the skies, renders the work of a hazardous nature. The hawk continues his tacking, though far

away from the curlew, until he finds himself above the level of his prey, and then off he goes with the speed of lightning. The curlew perceives his disadvantage, and hastens to get over water, as the hawk knows that he is then in great danger, and refuses to strike. If, however, no water is near, the curlew makes for the ground as fast as he can fly, and it is only known by his descending, that the hawk is above him, both are so high and so far away.

"At this moment the greatest delight is experienced: the hawk, closing his wings, rushes down in the pursuit with a velocity incredible to those who have not witnessed it: and such is it, that his passage through the air sounds like a mighty wind. The curlew cannot escape, and before he has time to reach the earth, the hawk has stricken him senseless. The latter is too careful to come with all his own force with the curlew to the ground, as he would

most likely be killed; but he instinctively drops him when within a few yards, and then follows and secures his prey. The keepers and amateurs come up and prevent the hawk being injured by the fluttering or pecking of the curlew.

"The proceedings are similar to those in European countries after the flight and capture—such as breaking the poor creature's wings, and permitting the hawk to find his own way to the victim's heart through his breast, and having the marrow of the legs drawn out by a feather of his wing, and given as a sop of reward for his success."

Coursing upon system—that is, where the dog called the greyhound is brought into the field, with his natural powers greatly augmented by what is called condition—is peculiar to Great Britain. The greyhound, however, in some form or

other, is to be found in most countries; and in No. 77, Vol. xiii., of the "New Sporting Magazine," is to be seen a splendid engraving, by Nickolson, after Hamilton, of a Persian greyhound, the only female of that variety of the dog at that time in England, although there were two males, one at Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the other in the Zoological Gardens.

In "The Sportsman," October Number, 1841, one of the embellishments is a Persian greyhound, engraved by Beckwith, after C. T. Turner, in the representation of which both artists have excelled. "It is," says the article alluding to it, "a very singular variety (of the dog), having the body smooth, with an exceedingly fine coat; but the ears, legs, and tail, on the contrary, are fringed with long, fine, but very soft hair, which hangs in a similar manner to that of the setter. Specimens of this beau-

tiful variety may be seen in the Zoological Gardens; their symmetry is very fine, and they are somewhat stouter than our own greyhound, though in height they are not above the usual standard."

I am inclined to believe, that, as regards symmetry of form, the English greyhound greatly excels the Persian.

This species of greyhound is much esteemed in Persia, where the nobles keep a great number of them, at a considerable expense; the best and most favoured of them having collars and housings, covered with precious stones and embroidery. They are used for coursing hares on the plains, and, assisted by the hawk, in chasing the antelope. The antelope having been discovered, the hawk is cast off, when fastening his talons in the animal's head, he impedes its course, and enables the greyhounds to overtake it.

The greyhound is also used in Persia for

the chase of the wild ass, considered by the Persians as the swiftest of quadrupeds, and represented as such by Xenophon, in his "Anabasis." Surely the horse of the desert must here be either forgotten or maligned. That the wild ass, or goorkhur, is one of the wildest of animals, we learn from Scripture authority. That he is likewise possessed of extraordinary powers of speed and endurance, is very generally admitted; so much so, indeed, that in hunting them down with greyhounds in Persia, it is found necessary to have relays posted at sundry points likely to be traversed by the game; nor is it often that, even with such advantage, the "who-whoop" is achieved without the assistance of the rifle.

Who would have looked for a pack of English-bred hounds in a land of spices—within seven or eight degrees of the equator—the island of Ceylon? Such a pack, how-

ever, was established seven years ago, under the title of the Nuwera-Ellia Subscription Pack, during the administration of Sir R. Wilmot Horton, and also patronised by Sir John Wilson, and other influential gentlemen of the place. In their third season, a summary of their sport was made public, and it amounted to sixty-eight elks, and eight wild hogs. The pack is under the direction and management of Lieutenant Watson, who imported the first English hound. Here is another striking illustration of the old Latin proverb, which the name of the place reminds me of:—

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui transmare currunt."

Another proof of the inextinguishable love of sporting in Englishmen now lies before me. I allude to a letter I recently received from a field-officer of the 90th light infantry, on the eve of his departure to join his regiment in the Island of

Ceylon, containing a request, that I would favour him with a letter on some sporting subject, which he might take to his brother officers, whom he described as being "as sporting a set of fellows as the army could produce." What adds to the peculiarity of this request is, that the writer is a perfect stranger to me.

Another *spicy* affair came off in Jamaica, on the 3rd of December, 1841—no less than the contending for the following thirteen prizes over the Kingston race-course:—

The Jamaica Jockey-Club Stakes. The Kingston St. Leger—three doubloons each, with 60*l.* added.

A pony purse.

The Queen's Plate—sweepstakes of 25*l.* each—four subscribers, or no race.

The Treasurer's Stakes—a free purse of 30*l.*

A mule race, for portmanteau, saddle, &c.

The Governor's Purse—60*l.*, added to a sweepstakes of 5*l.*

A Sweepstakes of 5*l.* each.

The Breeder's Sweepstakes, according to their own regulations.

A Purse of 50*l.* for untried stock.

A Maiden Purse of 60*l.*

According to "Lang's Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales," the organization of a regular system of racing in this colony dates from the administration of Sir Thomas Brisbane (1821), who is thus, as it were, the patron-saint of the Australian turf. There are the Sydney and the Parramatta races, as distinct as those of Epsom and Doncaster, although the towns are only fourteen miles apart. There are the Windsor races for the dwellers on the Hawkesbury, and the Liverpool and the Campbelltown meetings for the inha-

bitants of these minor colonial towns and their adjoining vicinities. There are races at Maitland and Patrick's Plain, two different stations on Hunter's River; at Bathurst beyond the mountains; and at Goulburn Plains, two hundred miles from Sydney, in the district of Argyle. In short, the march of improvement is much too weak a phrase for the meridian of New South Wales; we must there speak of the *race* of improvement, for the three appropriate and never-failing accompaniments of advancing civilization in that colony are—race-courses, public-houses, and jails.

In the sister-colony of Van Dieman's Land is some of our best racing blood; and from the circumstance of the climate being very favourable to the breeding of thoroughbred horses, together with the encouragement given by the several governors to breed them, racing, and its results, will soon

be amongst the leading characteristics of the country—as indeed they will ever continue to be where Englishmen form the principal and influential portion of the community.

CHAPTER V.

SPORTING IN RUSSIA.

Sporting in Russia—Improvement in breed of horses—English blood—Progress of racing—Russian nobles—Immense estates—Government haras—The emperor—Immense distances run—Fox-hunting in Russia—Game in Russia—Russian poachers—Snipe shooting—A Russian battue—Wolves—Coursing—Bear-tracking—Surging the bear—The Elk—Mode of hunting him—Speed of the elk—His immense strength—An elk hunt described—A singular scene of confusion.

A DESCRIPTION of bear-shooting in Russia has been procured for me by the kindness of a friend, and when my readers are told that it is from the pen of one of the most successful bear-shooters of the present day in

Russia, they will feel assured that no exaggeration has been resorted to in the detail, to give additional colour to this most exhilarating sport.

I shall previously, however, give the substance of some valuable information from the same quarter, on other subjects connected with sporting in Russia, and especially as to the improvement the country is making in the breed of their horses, by the aid of English blood. He has also given a short account of the progress of the chase, which, it appears, even the rigour of a Russian climate is not able to oppose.

To shew what has been done with regard to that most important branch of domestic economy, horse-breeding, it is only necessary to annex a list of the celebrated thorough-bred horses which have been imported into Russia from England, within the last twenty years, and likewise of those at this time existing in the country.

very extensive, the government breeds upon a most extensive scale.

Racing is progressing rapidly. The Grand-duke Alexander has hired George Taylor of Newmarket, as his trainer and rider, who, in addition to four exercise boys from the same classic ground, was accompanied by the following thoroughbred racing stock:—Marchioness, Alderman, Rose Bradwardine, Lalla Rookh, and Resolution.

The extent of a Russian nobleman or gentleman's property is not reckoned as in other countries by its acrage, but by the number of persons employed upon it. Now, there are estates belonging to government, on which are 80,000 serfs, entirely devoted to the breeding of horses. They import annually some of our best English blood, and have at one establishment alone, 1100 brood mares! It is under the management of a committee, of which General Lunins is chairman, and that well-known sportsman,

who has spent so many seasons at Melton Mowbray, the Count Matuchevitz, is a member, which is sufficient assurance for the conduct of it—the general being also well qualified for his post. From this stud about 600 five-year-old horses are brought to St. Petersburg, for the cavalry, every summer; and on the authority of a friend of mine, who has seen them for several years, they improve every year. Lords Londonderry and Anglesea saw them lately, and expressed their surprise at the immense improvement that had taken place, since they had last been in the country.*

The present Emperor of Russia has a

* What is called the "British Hunt," has existed in Russia for upwards of seventy years, the meuvels and slotters being at the village of Garella, twelve miles from St. Petersburg on the Peterhoff road; and at one time it was under the management of Count Matuchevitz. Some parts of the country hunted over are as good as the others are bad; and the game pursued has been the fox, the hare, and occasionally the wolf, but it is now confined to the fox.

very good eye to a horse, approving of the stamp we all consider the best to endure hard service—namely, fifteen hands two inches in height, with short legs, and plenty of substance, with action. His Majesty also holds out great encouragement to breeders, having established and patronized races in various parts of his empire—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Lebodan (I believe in the government of Tamboff), and several other towns; and at the last-named place he gives, amongst other prizes, a plate equal to two thousand two hundred and twenty-five guineas, for a trial of speed and bottom; although in my regard for that noble animal, the horse, I am bound to pronounce it to be a too great, as well as an unnecessary trespass upon his powers.

The distance to be run for this great prize is thirty versts, or twenty miles, *in one heat;* and being open to all the world, horses of all breeds, Cossack, Circassian,

Arabian, and of course English, are brought to the post; but those of pure English blood have always proved the winners. One by Red Rover, bred by General Lunins, carried off this prize the two last years, performing the distance, each time, some seconds under one hour!

It must be gratifying to the feelings of humanity, that all such cruel practices as hunting trammelled wolves and other animals on the Wolga, are losing ground in Russia, and are gradually yielding to what may be called the fair and legitimate chase.

The English residents at St. Petersburg have a fox-hunting establishment eleven miles from the capital, and the hounds are hunted as we hunt them in England; but from the very short season allowed them by the climate, it cannot be expected that a succession of good sport can be the result. There is, however, a kind of diversion in the winter season, when these hounds are

confined to their kennel, which is much esteemed in Russia. I allude to tracking wolves—or rather pursuing them by the track in the snow; and a wolf is a sure find any day within twenty miles of St. Petersburg.

When the snow is in a proper state, the chase is said to be most exciting; as may be imagined by the following features in it. The sportsmen know the pace at which the wolf is travelling, by his track, which is clearly marked both in his walk and in his trot; but when neared by his pursuers, and it is found to be changed to the gallop, he is considered to be "gone away." The sportsmen then commence the chase, and finish it by riding him down, when the bullet gives the *who-whoop*.

About half a foot's depth of snow on the ground is considered the true thing for the enjoyment of this sport, both as regards the safety of the riders, who may then go

the *ultra-pace* without danger, and the tracking the game they are in pursuit of; and should he be "run into"—as the fox-hunting term is—after a chase of from half-an-hour to an hour, and shot dead on the spot, the burst is said to be complete.

I have now the pleasure of presenting my readers with an accurate detail of the several sports of the Russians, from the pen of the celebrated sportsman previously alluded to, who, to use the words of my Anglo-Russian Melton friend, to whom I am indebted for procuring it for me, has "killed more bears than most other people."

There is a tolerable sprinkling of game of various kinds in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, and the sportsman may find amusement at every time of the year, excepting perhaps the months of May and June. The lawful shooting-season commences on the 29th of June, when black-cock and a kind of grouse may every where

be found; generally, however, at this early season, much smaller than the principles of British sportsmen would allow them to be put into their bag.

It is at this period that the Russian peasant, who shoots for a livelihood, will flush a covey, get what he can at their rising, old or young, and then, ensconcing himself behind a few branches, placed to conceal him, will whistle or call the covey together again, and pick all the young ones up, one by one, probably without firing another shot. The dog points the bird, and by carefully examining the grass and bushes near the dog's nose, the poacher easily catches him by putting his foot on him.

When the white partridges, as they call them in Russia, are full grown, they afford excellent sport, being generally found in the extensive peat mosses which every where abound, and where there is plenty of room for the widest ranging dogs. The

blackcock being more frequently found on the edge of covers, is on this account, for the most part, less amusing shooting.

The cock-of-the-woods is found here also; but the tangled nature of the ground where he is to be met with, renders the shooting difficult and tiresome, the dog being frequently difficult to find when on a point, the bird either missed or blown to pieces as he gets up amongst high trees, and seldom to be accurately marked. The peasants, however, when they find a covey, will invariably kill every bird, by calling them.

Later in the season grey partridges are found, but not in any abundance, owing, probably, to their being so frequently netted in winter, when by leading them on in the snow, by sprinkling a little corn, they are easily decoyed to the neighbourhood of a barn.

The snipe-shooting is excellent, particu-

larly from the latter end of August to the latter end of September, when the double or solitary snipe is in season. These are seldom found in bogs, as the other species of snipe are, preferring meadows with long grass and stunted brushwood. In a good season, thirty brace are frequently killed to one gun in the course of the day. The common snipe, the jack-snipe, and the woodcock, also afford very fair sport.

Wild ducks, as may be supposed, abound in the marshy parts of the country. Wild geese in September alight on the fields, but are difficult of approach.

The Russian nobility frequently combine hunting, coursing, and shooting together, in the autumn months. A pack of mongrel, slow hounds, are turned into a covert, with perhaps six, perhaps ten huntsmen. These necessarily drive everything out of the covert, and the sportsmen, standing round, shoot whatever they can—birds,

foxes, hares, and wolves; any of the quadrupeds that may chance to escape their shot are instantly pursued in the plain by the greyhounds, which are held in slips at the skirts of the wood for this purpose.

Where wolves are suspected to harbour, nets are frequently suspended from branch to branch, or when these fail, to stakes, for the space of a mile or more. The net, which trails on the ground towards the inside of the cover, drops on the wolf when he runs against it, and he is then dispatched by the men in waiting on the nets.

Coursing is an amusement well-known to the Russian nobility, who have even something like a code of regulations to decide matches. Their greyhounds are mostly of the larger rough-haired fan-tail breed, occasionally crossed with the Persian.

Hunting with thoroughbred fox-hounds is not much practised by the Russians, and it is seldom that they allow their harriers a

fair chance of killing out of cover, always aiding them, if possible, with greyhounds. When hunting in cover, and a hound challenges, their object is apparently to create as much bustle and noise as possible.

The winter sport is principally for bears and elks; occasionally, also, batteries are made for wolves and roedeer.

In order that a season should be very favourable for bear-shooting, it is required that the snow fall early in the season, before any other indication of winter appears, the bears being then still on their legs, feeding on the smaller kind of cranberry; and as they are rather choice in their selection of a place to sleep out the winter, in searching for one, they necessarily make a track in the snow, which assists the peasants materially in afterwards finding their retreat, as this track would scarcely be obliterated for a month, although frequent falls of snow should intervene.

The peasant who falls in with the track of a bear, will follow the same as long as it only leads through wood open below, but makes a circuit the moment the bear has passed into a place where fallen trees or thickets might tempt him to lay down. If the peasant, when returning to his own track, has not come across any other track of the bear, he is safely ringed, and will probably remain there the whole winter. It is, however, necessary to go the rounds immediately after any fresh fall of snow, as the bear may have heard the peasant, and he is cunning enough to change his lair when a snow-storm offers him the chance of doing so without leaving a track behind him. And this he will probably accomplish either by following a road or crossing a plain, where all traces are instantly lost in a high wind.

The usual way of shooting the bear is by driving him with a host of peasants,

who stand on the ring, shouting, whilst two or three, with a cur dog or so, put him up out of his den. He of course tries to escape, when silence leads him to expect no enemy at hand; and then the shots, placed at about forty yards apart, kill him when he comes up. The fir-wood being so thick, he is generally shot at ten yards; but, near as this seems, he is often missed at half that distance, which is enough to astonish any but those who have occasionally seen the characters who aspire to the glory of killing a bear. As the ball which has missed the bear must go somewhere, it is most probable that it will go along the line of sportsmen who are placed on the road or track, and this constitutes by far the greatest danger in this style of bear-shooting.

Those who have a slight knowledge of the language had better, if they can, buy a ringed bear, and patiently hunt every part of the ring, attended by a peasant or two if

they please. By doing so carefully, especially with a dog, they will be nearly sure of lighting upon the animal sooner or later, and have an infinitely better chance of killing. It frequently happens that the peasant knows where the den is,—when of course this system of hunting is a certainty. The bear is very tenacious of life, and often carries off shots that would be expected to kill him.

To ring the elk, the same method must be adopted as with the bear; but as he is not dormant during winter, and holds mostly in brushwood when the buds of the mountain-ash, willow, and aspen, afford him sustenance, it is necessary to be much more cautious, and to have a full knowledge of the country; as by indiscriminately cutting off a mile square of the wood, the sportsman may cross the best feeding-ground in the forest, disturb the elks, and

render his chance of ringing them that day very precarious.

The elk is found in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Petersburg in tolerable numbers, herds of ten or fifteen being occasionally ringed. A ring for these beasts should not be less than three-quarters of a mile in diameter, as, independent of there seldom being large trees to prevent a ball from traversing the whole circle, and injuring the beaters on the opposite side, the elks would probably force the ring at the onset, if they found themselves in such very close quarters; whereas, if they have plenty of room on first being roused, they will steal gently towards the shots, the oldest of the herd leading at a gentle trot. He gradually relaxes into a walk as he approaches the line, which he will wind at a considerable distance, and at last he will stand still to reconnoitre.

This is the most favourable shot, perhaps at a hundred, or a hundred and fifty yards; but the number of small branches and twigs that intervene in this space, sometimes renders this chance uncertain. If not fired at immediately, ten to one that the herd return to the centre of the ring, and, bewildered by the echoing of a couple of hundred voices, will remain there until again set a-going, either by an experienced peasant or a slow fox-hound, when they are obliged again to look for a place of escape.

When an elk hunt is well managed, and the beaters remain steadily at their places, the elks may be brought half-a-dozen times within reach of the shot; but it is astonishing to see how frequently they are missed at moderate distances by first-rate shots. The only way to account for this is, that the beast is so much larger than what one is in the habit of shooting, that he appears

nearer than he really is, and at the same time is going at a much greater speed than is allowed for. It is the general belief, that most shots fall behind him.

As the country adapted for elks is impracticable for horses, it is difficult to estimate the relative speed of the two. Judging, however, from the stride of a full grown elk in a trot, which is rather over than under seven English feet, and repeated with tolerable rapidity, it would appear that his speed must be very great. The elk seldom gallops, excepting when very hard pressed, or struck by a ball; his gallop is heavy and awkward, his trot beautiful; the action behind, however, resembles rather too much that of a cow.

The writer was present at an elk hunt, when in consequence of the morass not being frozen under the snow, the elks in passing only presented as much of their bodies as would be seen in swimming.

One of them being struck, galloped through this ground, bounding free of the surface of the snow at every leap, till he dropped. A common peasant's horse, being led off the road with nothing but traces attached to him, was so helpless with such a load behind him, as to require being dragged on to the road again, instead of being serviceable in leading away the elk. The difference in size will, however, partly account for this apparent superiority in strength; a large elk, standing somewhere about twenty-one hands on the shoulder, and weighing ten or eleven hundredweight.

A shot behind the shoulders will always kill the elk, not, however, till he has galloped between one and two hundred yards, when he rises on his hind legs, and falls over, backwards, stone dead.

The elk makes no attempt to injure the beaters, and well is it he does not, as hemming in a dozen beasts of such power and

speed would be no joke. If wounded and attacked by a dog, he will defend himself with his fore feet, and it requires considerable address to avoid injury.

The elk is sometimes so completely blown by running through the deep snow, as at last not to be able to go with any degree of speed; it is then that he is the most obstinate and difficult to turn.

The bear is likewise at times so exhausted by sudden exertion in making his way through deep snow, over windfalls or drifts, as not to be by any means so dangerous as he otherwise might be.

The mustering of the beaters on the morning of a bear or elk hunt is rather a strange sight, as it does not come under the head of labour in the eyes of the Russian peasant; he will, in fact, leave more profitable work to earn one ruble (not quite a shilling) as beater. Old and young men, and even children, go out as

beaters, all receiving the same emolument. In case of a scarcity of men, women and girls go out; but this is highly objectionable, as it is out of the power of the strictest disciplinarian to keep order.

The beaters muster, either in the wood-yard, if near enough, or else in some open glade in the forest, standing in a line two deep, to be counted and registered according to their villages. If for bear shooting, they are armed with pikes and pointed staves,—which, by the way, never prove of the slightest use; and if for elk shooting, without any weapon at all.

The sportsmen are in the meantime loading their guns, and often creating the most diverting part of the day's sport. Independently of occasionally finding powder so coarse as not to pass through the cone of the breeching of the gun; balls too large or too small by five numbers;

and German copper caps to English nipples; to hear the execrations and abuse lavished upon some ignorant lacquey, for having washed out a rifle with the old charge of powder and ball in it; the powder of course wet; the ball not to be drawn, in consequence of the coating of rust in the barrel; no nipple screw; together with the various applications for pasteboard, paper, a little tow, &c. &c., and the explosions of copper caps to ascertain the freedom of the passage through the barrel; — all this gives one the idea that the sporting implements had been raffled for the preceding night, and that the sportsmen had to sort them again for the occasion. Perhaps ants hunting for their eggs in an ant's nest turned up by a schoolboy, would give the best notion of the scene on the morning of a *battue* in Russia, excepting that perhaps the

ants are a little deficient in noise and abuse.

The guns being all at length loaded, each sportsman gets into a separate little country sledge, drawn by one horse, and proceeds to the glade in the wood, where the beaters are waiting at a convenient distance from the ring, divided into two equal bodies.

Two peasants, who know the ring, then lead the beaters in Indian file, one party going to the right, the other to the left. At the tail of each phalanx follows an experienced sportsman, who, at stated distances, varying according to the thickness or openness of the wood, stops the peasant next in front of him, and thus stopping one at about every fifteen yards, he will, by the time he reaches the opposite point of the circle, have disposed of all his people, and met his brother sportsman, who has done the same; and then, by comparing notes,

they are enabled to decide where to place the guns, if they are not already placed, or even if they be, they may safely be moved, if advisable, when the ring is once complete. A halloo is then given, and the sport commences as above described.

Frequently the snow is so deep that it requires two hours or more to lead the beaters their half-way round, and the difficulty of making them move with any degree of order is inconceivable. Those who are in the immediate vicinity of the leading peasant, are of course aware that they will have to wade through the snow, and over the tangled wood, to the opposite side of the circle and back again, and only receive the same pay as the more fortunate fellows who get placed on first turning from the road. They will therefore, under some pretence or other, quit the line, and let two or three pass them; or, if an opportunity

offer, hide behind a fir-bush till nearly the whole line be passed, and then take a fresh place. Then the squabbles and noise attendant on these pranks occasionally distract the game before the circle is complete, and the day's sport is ruined.

CHAPTER VI.

FOREIGN HORSEMEN.

Foreign horsemen—Their seat and style of riding—Count Sandor—Count Peltier—A singular leap—Anecdotes — The Duke of Normandy — Count Matuschevitz — Count D'Orsay—A lark—Count Voss—Dukes of Orleans and Nemours—Count Edgar Ney—The Prince of Moskowa—Dangerous results of steeple chasing—The Prince of Moskowa at the siege of Constantine—Count Adolphe de Vaublanc—Hints to French riders—Mr. Caters of Antwerp.

NOTWITHSTANDING the well-known fact that the continental seat in the saddle is ill suited to riding across a country or over a race-course, partaking more of the *manège* or the riding-school, still several excellent

horsemen over a country have been imported into England from the continent. At all events they have been remarkable for the *pluck* they have shown in the first instance, and also for the very short time in which they have so far improved themselves in the art, as to be in a forward place in a fast run with hounds, over some of the stiffest of our countries.

Among the most celebrated of these was Count Sandor, the popular Hungarian nobleman, who passed a season at Melton Mowbray, to the no small delight of the then residents in that emporium of the craft, on a visit to another nobleman equally noted for his popularity—the kind-hearted and agreeable Lord Alvanley. The count was mounted by the well-known Mr. Tilbury, of London, at the cost of a thousand guineas for the season, and although he was a complete tyro in the hunting-field—if not indeed in the saddle—at the commencement,

he became, towards the conclusion of it, what is called a "first-flight man." This enviable position, however, was not gained without many hair-breadth escapes for his life or limbs; representations of many of which, at his own request, by the pencil of Mr. Fernely, of Melton, accompanied the count to Hungary—plates from them, to the number of eight, with a key to each, from my pen, having been previously engraved and published, by permission, by Ackermann of Regent-street.

The count is represented in no less than ten awful, although, at the same time, ludicrous situations; the most remarkable of which is, his sticking fast on his feet in a brook, where his horse had left him, with the water reaching to his waist, and with a cigar in his mouth, which he said he had lit for the purpose of keeping out the cold, until released from his unpleasant situation, which, at the end of a quarter of an hour,

was accomplished, by the aid of a shepherd who happened to pass by the place.

During one of the many seasons in which I hunted in Warwickshire, we had in the field occasionally a Count Peltier, who had left France in consequence of internal commotions. He knew no more of hounds and hunting than I do of playing the fiddle, but it must have been an awful fence that stopped him. His accounts of his own exploits were most amusing; and as a sample, he told us one evening at the club, that he had that morning leaped over *a gate, two lords, and a baronet!* The fact was, he could not stop his horse, who rushed with him at the gate, whilst one of his three brother sportsmen was in the act of opening it. This count was a most amusing person, and amongst many others, told the following anecdote of himself:—

Whilst entering one of our seaport towns on the box of a friend's coach, he was

thrown to the ground, and a sailor, taking him for an Englishman, went to pick him up. On hearing him speak, however, Jack left him where he found him, with this compliment to his nation, "Oh, you are a Frenchman, are you? lie there and be ——."

No better horseman exists, over a country, than Monsieur de Normandie, who has hunted in various parts of England for at least a dozen years, and much with Mr. Farquharson, in Dorsetshire, where good bridle-hands are wanting as much as in any part of England that I am acquainted with, by reason of the double fences and banks. He rides thorough-bred horses, which he himself initiates and makes perfect in their business.

Count Matuschevitz went very well over Leicestershire, and I remember his greatly distinguishing himself in a run with a second fox, from John-of-Gaunt cover, in

that county, of one hour and forty minutes. Not more than twenty of the field were up at the finish, and amongst them was the count.

Count D'Orsay is a gallant horseman, though not much given to persevere throughout a long run. He must, however, be a pretty good workman who can ride before him in a twenty minutes burst, when the pace is good, and he gets a good start.

A Baron somebody, for I could not get at his name, went last year to Melton whilst I was there, for the purpose, as it was said, of purchasing some hunters for his Royal Highness Prince Albert. Be this as it may, he was rigged out from various wardrobes for the field, one day, with the Quorn hounds. It happened that there was not a run in which he could distinguish himself as a rider to hounds, but what is called a "lark" was prepared for him. Mr. White

selected a five-barred gate, which he said *must* be leaped by all present, as it could not be opened. Fifteen or sixteen of the field cleared it, and amongst them the baron.

I have previously described Count Voss as an excellent rider among German horsemen.

Their royal highnesses the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours are good horsemen, in the quiet, easy, English style. I am told they exhibited great nerve in the steeple-chase they rode, which the latter won. It has, however, been my lot to witness some continental steeple-chases, as well as numerous hurdle-races, and I have never failed to observe the best of pluck, if not of horsemanship, displayed by the continental jockeys who exhibited in them; although I can only call to mind one of them being successful, in those in which Englishmen have ridden, and that was in

the case of the hurdle-race last year at Chantilly, won by Monsieur de Normandie, when opposed to Mr. M'Kenzie Grieves, one of the best horsemen in England, and the rider of the winners of almost all the best steeple-races in France. Monsieur de Normandie rode the winner of the first race of this description ever run in France, in which Lord Pembroke, Mr. Tomline, and Mr. Cauty were opposed to him.

Count Edgar Ney, brother to the gallant Prince of Moskowa, is an excellent horseman, both over a country and over a course. He has the nerve of a bull-dog, and if he had sufficient practice he would be amongst the best of the French gentlemen-jockeys His brother, the prince, would no doubt ride as he fought; but I hope he will leave steeple-racing alone, as it nearly cost him his life; at least, the consequences of it—a dislocated shoulder—had very nearly proved fatal to him when mounting the breach at

the siege of Constantine. Having only the use of one hand, he was obliged to rest a minute or two, when he arrived on the wall, to get his wind, when, as it proved, he was sitting on a mine, which exploded, and killed thirty men, just after he had arisen from his resting-place. The scene was related to me by himself, when on a visit to him in Paris.

The best race-rider I have seen among the French gentlemen-jockeys is the Count Adolphe de Vaublanc, who handles his horse well, and looks quite the English jockey. As racing progresses in the country, many of the aristocracy will try their hand at this difficult accomplishment, in which so few in all countries have excelled. One aspirant to the racing-saddle would receive a hint from me at a recent Chantilly meeting. I was engaged to ride a very hard-pulling mare, the *last* day of the race. As I was going to bed on the eve of the *first*

day, I was told the race was to be on the morrow,—when, not being at all prepared as to wind, &c., I declined. A French Count undertook the task equally unprepared, and fell from his saddle, from exhaustion, as he was beating the field, within a few strides of home. I will not admit that I might have fallen, but no man should attempt to ride a pulling horse when unprepared, and for two good reasons—he cannot do him justice, and he runs a risk of seriously injuring his health.

In my visits to Count Duval in Belgium, and in my attendance on his hounds, I only saw one Belgic gentleman whom I could pronounce to be a first-rate horseman. This is a Mr. Caters, who resides at Antwerp, and has some hounds of his own. He is in the prime of his days, and let him be well horsed, it would take a right good man to beat him over any country, after a few days' experience at it. Count Duval

himself is a very neat horseman, and rides a race with judgment, but over the country he must yield the palm to Mr. Caters, who ought to be better employed than hunting in the woods and swamps of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER VII.

ON HORSES, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Value of horses—Early history of horses in Britain—Comparison between foreign and English horses—Arabian horses—Their inferiority to English—Reasons for it—Prince Puckler Muskau—Food of Arabian horses—Mistakes in breeding—The sire of more importance than the dam—Celebrated Arabians—The unvanquished Paragon—The Cole Arabian—Buckfoot—The Imaum of Muscat—His Arabians sent to King William IV.—Arabians as chargers—Danger of them in the field of battle—The Duke at Waterloo—Comparative speed—English *versus* Arabian blood—The Wellesley Arabian—Horse-breeding in India—Feat of an Arab horse—Endurance of Arabs—Not good as hunters—Faults of Arabian horses.

THE inestimable value of the horse for all purposes—whether for his share in the produce of food, his promotion of the busi-

ness and the pleasures of life, or his services in the battle-field—renders apology for the diffusion of some practical remarks respecting him wholly unnecessary.

It is useless now to conjecture what sort of horses Cæsar found in Britain. They answered, it would appear, for the purposes required of them—the draught of the war-chariots of those times, which are said to have struck terror into the hearts of the stoutest of the Roman soldiers by the manner in which they were armed and driven. We may, however, conclude they were slow movers, compared with those of the present day, and perhaps thought little of by persons who were acquainted with, or had heard of the eastern breeds, in comparison with which, in fact, all the horses of Europe were, to a certain degree, objected to and despised—those of Britain especially—as "having too much body and too little spirit;" not taking into consideration the

fact that their weight and strength were required to draw carriages over very bad roads, and to travel under the weight of the knight and his armour, which tasks they were, for so long a period of our history, called upon to perform.

It is worthy of observation, in reference to the present portion of my subject—the relative qualifications of the foreign and British horse—that the most satisfactory confirmation of an assertion of mine, more than once put into print—namely, "that although other countries gave us the blood, England has made the race-horse"—should be found in the fiftieth chapter of Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

"Arabia," says he, "in the opinion of the naturalist, is the genuine and original country of the horse; the climate most propitious, not indeed to the size, but to the spirit and usefulness of that generous ani-

mal; but the merit of the barb, the Spanish and the English breed, is derived from a mixture of Arabian blood."

Nothing can be more true than this assertion of the historian; and it is apparent in the present breed of English horses, now the best in the world, who have their origin in the due admixture of Eastern with indigenous blood, a certain portion of which still remains in those of our higher caste. To this, and some other important adjuncts, to be noticed hereafter, is to be attributed that combination of power with high breeding, which at once attests the superiority of our horses over all others in the world: witness the astounding fact that a prize was contended for at Goodwood race meeting, in which the half-bred Arab horse (that is, one by an Arab sire, and English dam, or *vice versâ*) had eighteen pounds of weight allowed him, and the horse of pure Arab blood—once supposed to stand at the head

of his kind—double that amount, when contending against those of pure English blood. But the fact is, the best of the Nedschedi race—the highest I believe of all—would have little chance at this game, even with such immense allowance in their favour.

I will endeavour to account for this well-established comparative inferiority of the Arabian horse. Prince Puckler Muskau, speaking from personal observation, tells us, that "the Arabs and Europeans have a totally different idea of the qualifications of a horse." I must take the liberty of differing from his highness on this point. Respecting horses intended for the saddle, there can be but one idea as to their qualifications; but the difference in the possession of these qualifications is to a vast extent independent of the mere animals themselves; it is the result of the quantity and quality of the food they eat from their colt-

hood until they arrive at maturity. Until within the last fifty years or so, the meaning of the word *condition*, as applied to horses, was known only to Englishmen, and then only to a very limited extent, being confined chiefly to the racing stables. But to its effect, operating as it does from the period of their being weaned from their dams, both as regards their form and capability for enduring severe bodily exertions of all kinds, is to be attributed the excellence of English horses for fast work, beyond all others in the world.

On the other hand, hear what the prince says of those of the Arabs and the Turks. "Their horses are fed with all sorts of things; sometimes camel's milk, sometimes thistles of the desert boiled, sometimes even meat dried in the sun, and reduced to powder, and sometimes on camel's dung. They are mounted at two years old, and used for sires at three. They are neither sheltered

from the sun nor the cold ; they never think of washing or cleaning them, and when they are not in use they leave them standing, the fore legs tied together. One cannot," adds the prince, " enough admire the nobleness of the blood which preserves the purity of form and fire of temperament to the most advanced age, in spite of such barbarous treatment."*

* A writer on Arabian horses says, " The colts remain with the dam thirty days, after which they are weaned and reared on camel's milk. For the space of one hundred days after the colts have been weaned, it is not permitted to give them any other food than camel's milk; even water is not allowed. After that time the colt receives a daily portion of wheat diluted with water, at first a handful; this is gradually increased, but the milk still continues to be the colt's principal food for *one hundred days more*, during the latter part of which he is permitted to feed on grass. The second period of one hundred days being elapsed, barley is given, and if camel's milk is abundant, a bucketful every evening with the barley. During the whole year the horses stand in the open air, and are rarely ill. The Arabs never clean or rub their horses." From Colonel Howard Vyse's late account of his inspection of studs in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, no improvement is apparent either in breed or condition.

But a question arises—is this purity of form preserved? I answer, it is not, nor can it be under such "treatment," nor under that of a still better quality. I have always insisted upon it that by far the greater portion of the coarse points which we see in the horses of our own country, in the hands of those who have not taken proper care of them in their colthood, as regards feeding and warmth, owe their presence to the want of those requisites during the first three or four years. And how few Arabs, even of the highest breed, are quite free from coarse points? I have scarcely seen one; and the majority of those which I have seen, have exhibited anything but perfection of shape.

But there is another reason for this breed retrograding—at all events, remaining stationary as regards their capabilities in every sense of the word. The Arabs imagine that in breeding horses, all depends upon the mare, the horse being a matter almost of

indifference. This was the opinion of the greatest breeder of English thoroughbred stock that England has ever seen—the late Earl Grosvenor; but I have reason to believe the Marquis of Westminster, his lordship's successor, is of a very different opinion, as are all our successful breeders for the turf, who admit the qualities and influence of the male to be superior to those of the female; and a reference to our racing calendars proves the fact. Numbers of our first-rate racing mares have never bred winners; but a Priam, or a Sultan, has never failed to do so, when a judicious use of either has been made.

Then in our own horse-breeding history, although the Wellesley and the Cole Arabians did us some good, we are only indebted to two Arabian *mares*—at least I can call to mind no others—and these for nothing of much value. The Cockerell Arabian mare, which I knew in the possession of the late Sir Charles Cockerell, was the grandam

of Funny, the winner of the Woodcote stakes at Epsom in 1818; and Lord Elcho's mare, the dam of Fair Widdrington, by Warkworth, a pretty good runner.

I will now remark upon a few Arabian horses which have come under my observation in England.

Borack, or Pet—as he was also called—undoubtedly exhibited high caste, if such a term may be applied to the horse, and had strong muscular shoulders, which most Arabs have, but they were upright and short. His hind quarters were likewise short, and not racing-like, and taken as a specimen of the horse, he was a mere bauble when looked at by the side of an English race-horse, much less a hunter. He was a winner in Madras, and having been timed in one race, is stated to have run two miles and a half, carrying ten stone, in five minutes, twenty-one seconds—good work, undoubtedly, for a horse only fourteen hands one inch in height. But what is it when

compared, either as regards speed or endurance, with the rate of some of our English racers?—of Longwaist and Harkaway for example. Longwaist ran four miles in seven minutes over Warwick; and the Irish Harkaway, with nine stone, nine pounds on his back, and the ground very soft from rain, ran two miles and three quarters over Goodwood course, in three minutes and fifty-six seconds, winning his race, hard held!

Then came amongst us another Eastern steed, namely, Orelio, styled in India "The Unvanquished." This was a horse of unusual size, that is to say, he was fifteen hands one inch in height, and said to have been satisfactorily proved to have been "one of the best racers of Nijd,"—his size being ascribed to the generous feeding and care taken of him when a colt. Now this horse's performance appeared to justify what was said of him, his speed and power to

carry weight over long courses being first-rate. But although he was highly puffed, and no doubt a fair chance was given him as a stud-horse, where are we to look for his produce? Not among the winners in our "Racing Calendar." He was the sire of a colt that did something in Madras, and whose dam, Fatima, was sent to England, as also a filly of hers. They had their chance of producing racers by three of our best horses, but where are they?

My friend General Gibbert, one of the first sportsmen in India, and who has also signalized himself in his own country since his return to it, owned a highly-bred Arab, called Paragon, so called from his *perfect form*. But we know nothing of his produce, after his arrival in England, although he was a good racer in India.*

* An interesting account, with a portrait, of Paragon, is to be found in vol. xxiv. of the "Old Sporting Magazine," p. 129.

The same may be said of a horse that came to England with a very high character, called the Cole Arabian. He was for a considerable time in Ireland, where he had every chance of producing winners, but he failed in doing so, beyond a country plater or two.

I have next to notice Buckfoot, of whom this description is given, in addition to a well-attested pedigree, tracing him to the highest caste.

"Buckfoot was, perhaps, the best horse that ever appeared in India; his powers of maintenance (*query*, endurance) were particularly striking, and in proof of his speed, he has been known to run two miles in three minutes and fifty-six seconds." He had his chance in England, but beyond one instance,—a filly by him which cut a sorry figure at Goodwood,—none of his produce started in public. Now, although I gave 500*l.* for this horse for the King of Prussia's

stud, what would I have given for him for my own use?—not 50*l.*, and for the best of reasons—he was neither one thing nor another, as far as his services went—neither hack nor hunter; and as a stud-horse only, he would not have paid his way, by reason of the prejudice against all horses of his caste. I rode him before purchasing him, and found him strong under me in deep ground, as well as on light turf; but there was wanting that scale of frame, that length, and those commanding powers, which first-rate English horses possess, and without which they are fit for nothing but Rotten-row hacks.

I hazarded an opinion—in which I believe I stood almost alone, amongst those who have since written upon them—respecting the two horses sent by the Imaum of Muscat to our late king, which was anything but favourable to them. For my own use I would not have given 50*l.* for either of

them, but they found customers in the foreign market, at about the same price as that which Buckfoot fetched in that market. Only one of them was allowed to have a chance to produce a racer by any of the fine mares at that time in the royal stud, and the one selected for the trial was about the worst of the lot. They were, to my eye, mean-looking animals, deficient in essential racing points, and with little to recommend them beyond their apparently good temper, and the strength and clear development of their sinews. And I may here observe, that I saw these horses at the most favourable time for criticizing their form, which was soon after their arrival, and before their deficient points were partially concealed or palliated, by a covering of flesh, which would naturally accumulate with rest; for as our dealers say, "flesh covers many faults." Hearing whence they came, I expected to see a near approach to,

at all events, some characteristics of the wild animal, the horse of the desert; but I was wofully disappointed in the appearance of the animals in question, who had more the character of well-bred Hounslow post-horses in old Charlton's day, who liked a bit of blood. The two Arab mares also sent by the said Imaum of Muscat were purchased by Sir Tallon Sykes, and Mr. P. Duncomb, but I have heard nothing of their produce.

My own experience of what are called Arabian horses in the sporting world, amounts to nothing beyond the knowledge of a few hacks, and one hunter by an Arabian sire and an English mare, and he was a very middling nag. He was the property of Serjeant Goulburn in his hunting days, and immortalized by him in his celebrated "Epwell House Poem," in which he describes himself—

"The blood of Arabians most fervently blessing,"

on the wrong side of an oaken stile which his horse had not the power to leap, and this only in about the middle of that celebrated run which he so eminently succeeded in describing.

Before my time, the late Mr. Childe of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire, a conspicuous performer over Leicestershire in the far-famed Mr. Meynell's days, had a half-bred Arab hunter, and, I have heard, a horse of merit; but, as I have already observed, my own experience can carry me no further, unless it be in the recollection of a few neat hacks, said to be of eastern blood. Amongst these is a very neat one, now ridden by Count Duval de Beaulieu, in Belgium. He is certainly a very neat animal, but as a horse a mere bauble.

The Duke of Wellington, as well as other officers of our army, were partial to Arabs as their chargers, but what were some of the results? One cavalry officer lost his

life by his bauble of a horse not being able to get away from some French dragoons, who pursued him through some tender, ploughed ground; and it is well known that the "hero of a hundred battles" found his baubles unequal to their task towards the close of the Waterloo contest, when the ground became soft, or as sportsmen say, "deep" by rain; and he gave Sir Horace Seymour two hundred guineas for a fine slapping English hunting mare, purchased by him of Lord Fitzhardinge.

As to the comparative speed of Arabian and English race-horses, England is not the arena on which it can be fairly decided, inasmuch as the total change of food, system, and climate, must operate more powerfully on the Arab brought to England after a certain age, than on the English horse taken to India under similar circumstances, for reasons too obvious to require to be mentioned. It may, however, be stated on the

best Indian authorities on this subject, that the best Arab, on his own ground, has not, nor has he had since the celebrated trial between Pyramus and Recruit—the latter a second-rate English racer, by Whalebone, the property of the Marquis of Exeter, the former the best Arab of his day—a shadow of a chance against an imported English race-horse, in anything like a good form. And I consider this race to have been a decisive test, because allowance was made for the comparatively diminutive size of the Arab, it being what is called a "give-and-take" match, or weight for inches, in which Recruit carried 10st. 12lbs., and Pyramus only 8st. 3lbs.—an extra allowance of 7lbs. having been given him as an Arab. I must, in proof of my assertion, quote the report of the race, which is most satisfactorily given as to the result.

"Pyramus," says the reporter, "is as good an Arab (he had previously beaten all

the best Arabs in Calcutta for the gold cup) as has appeared for many years. His condition was undeniable; the distance was all in his favour, and he was ridden with superior judgment;—so that the result of his match with Recruit may be considered to have established this as an axiom; that no allowance of weight, within the bounds of moderation, can bring the best Arab, even in the climate most congenial to him, upon a par with an English thorough-bred horse of moderate goodness. In addition to all the circumstances in favour of Pyramus, recapitulated above, it must be remembered that Recruit only landed the 28th of May, (the race was run in January,) after a voyage of five months."

This statement is borne out by the Articles of the Auckland cup, the annual gift of the governor of Bengal, in which, for the year last past, English horses were

weighted at 2st. 7lbs., beyond that carried by Arabs.

But a question arises: Are the Arabs, whose racing exploits in India have been detailed to us, really horses of high blood, or foisted as such on the Indian sportsmen, by unprincipled dealers in horse flesh? If the latter supposition be denied, then it is at once evident that the practice of sending Eastern horses to England from our Indian Presidencies had better be henceforth discontinued, as leading to no good end—on the contrary, being a great waste of money and trouble. And the experience of half a century justifies this condemnation of them.

One Eastern horse alone—and that from his large size believed to be from Persia—has done us much good, and only to the extent of the produce of one mare—namely, Fair Ellen, the dam of Dandizette, whose sire was the horse in question,

called the Wellesley Grey Arabian. That Fair Ellen, however, gave him a good chance to distinguish himself as a sire, may be assumed from the fact of her dam having been a Highflyer mare, and her grandam of the celebrated Matchem blood. Dandizette ran second for the Oaks in 1823, and was the dam of Exquisite, who ran second for the Derby in 1829.

One fact connected with the association of English and Arab horses is worthy of mention, as it is from the pen of a gentleman of great experience in Indian horse breeding and training — namely, Captain Gwatkin, who has been many years at the head of one of the Bengal Company's studs, consisting of fifteen hundred head.

"It is an admitted fact," says he, "that produce in India from imported English sire and dam, cannot compete with Indian produce holding a closer connexion with Arab blood."

This fact admitted, we may be the less surprised at the failure of the Eastern horse when imported to England, even in reference to what is called crossing his blood, and not when breeding in-and-in, as in the case of Arab sire and dam.

Another singular fact is derived from those Indian sportsmen who have attempted to breed racing stock in India from imported English horses and mares. Their produce in the first generation has been decidedly bad; a little better in the second; whilst those of the third and fourth have run well; but, as has been before observed, not so well as those holding a closer connexion with Arab blood. I am here quoting the authority of one of the greatest breeders of English horses in India, as well as a gentleman of much experience on the Indian turf. The effect of climate, food, &c., is in this case apparent.

I will now conclude this part of my sub-

ject, with a slight glance at the merits and demerits of the Arab horses. Their pace, for their size, is undoubtedly good —I may say extraordinary; but whether superior to that of some of our small racers—such as Gimcrack and others — of olden times, cannot now be determined. That it is greatly inferior to our little horses of late years, such as Whalebone, Meteor, and others, there can be no doubt. Their endurance appears to me to be their chief excellence, and to be attributed to that condensation of bone and sinew which they are found to possess, and which is the effect of the arid soil on which they are bred; a soil favourable to the growth of powerful muscle, of which the antelope, the fleetest animal in the world, is an example — he being known to be fleeter in Arabia than in any other parts in which he is found. On the other hand, their degeneracy in England pro-

ceeds from opposite causes — moist air and succulent food, which, having a tendency to increase flesh and humours, diminish the hardness and elasticity of the muscle in a like proportion, as well as all those points which denote the highest blood. In fact, the flesh, the bones, and tendons of all horses are more or less solid, according to the climate in which they are reared, and their food.

But a word or two more, touching the endurance of the Arab horse. The feat performed a few months back by one of them under Captain Horne at Madras, of eighty English miles per day, for five successive days, is a most extraordinary one; and I cannot take upon myself to say whether it has hitherto been equalled, still less surpassed. Nevertheless, I will not go so far as to say that an English horse is not to be found who would per-

form this feat over Newmarket Heath, under a certain weight; and we are not told that of Captain Horne with his saddle.

In a series of papers in the "Sporting Review" of last year, on the subject of "My Own Horses," I state the fact of my having ridden a mare eighty-three miles in one day, and that within seventeen miles of the end of her journey she ran away with me, from fright at a herd of deer! Now this was but a low bred mare, although so good a hack, as to be sold by me for 80*l.*: but I am quite sure she would have carried me the same distance on the following day. "Further than this deponent sayeth not," because high breeding and training were wanting, and my weight, with the saddle, upwards of twelve stone; the weather was oppressively hot, and a mountainous country was travelled over.

In races over a course, I have reason to believe the endurance of the Arab horse tells far beyond his speed. I mean to imply, that the short space of time in which Arabs have covered two miles of ground on certain occasions, has been the result, not of their great speed (for their size), but of their *being able to go at a certain rate of speed from end to end of their race*, which we know speedy but soft hearted horses have not the power to do.

As hunters I cannot fancy Arab horses, despite of the accounts we read of our brother Nimrods in the East sailing across the country upon them, taking every thing that opposes them in their stroke. And yet why should not *little* horses, when well bred, do this on ground as hard as a barn-floor, which is generally the case with that of India in the hunting season? I purchased a roan pony of Mr. Parker, who kept the

Worcestershire fox-hounds, that not a hunter in the country could stop, as far as a fence was concerned. But where would he have been, and where would the *best Arab ever seen* be, in a six or eight miles burst over that country—say from Grafton Wood to Combe Wood—after a week's wet weather, and a good scent? Go to Melton and talk of an Arab hunter, and you will be considered insane. As hacks, however, I think favourably of Arabs, from the sound nature of their legs and feet, and were I a breeder of hacks I should seek for a cross of their blood. But the question is—Who is a breeder of hacks? Every one expects the produce of his mare, if she have any breeding in her, to produce something better.

I will now proceed to point out what I consider the faulty points in Arabian horses. Their heads are apt to be badly set on—that

is, they are abruptly joined to the neck, which is a very great objection to a saddle-horse, for any purpose. They are also given to be slovenly in their slow paces; their shoulders, though muscular, are often short and upright, and their hoofs, though sound, small, which circumstances operate against their action over soft ground. Neither are they so good in their pastern joints as our well-bred horses are; and this is a most material point as regards the services of a horse. Buckfoot had excellent fetlocks, or I should not have purchased him for the Prussian stud;* and so had Kozlan, a celebrated Arab in that stud, which I saw when I was in Germany. Indeed, Kozlan pleased me more—taking form and action combined—than any other of his kind which

* Buckfoot's picture, by Barenger, is to be found in vol. xxiv. of the "Old Sporting Magazine"—a flattering likeness, making him more racing-like than he was.

has come under my observation, and I have seen many. I saw three in one stable—that of Lord Combermere's; but for my own use, I would not have given the price of a good English horse for the three.

CHAPTER VIII.

Foreign and English horses compared—Black roans of Normandy—Excellence of French horses generally—French posters—French hacks not good—The amble—How taught—Horses forbidden to trot—Horse-breeding by the Duke of Orleans—French race-horses—German horses—Count Plessen—Spanish horses—The Moors in Spain—English horses—Extraordinary trial between English and Cossack horses—Proposed wager by Baron Biel—Incomparable character of the English race-horse—Scotch horses—Irish horses—Irish hunters—Their excellence.

HUNTERS and racers—in fact, all horses for fast work—are not to be looked for in France, except in parts of the country where the late importation of English racing

blood has already told, by its cross with the indigenous breed. Still, for all purposes of moderate rate and draught, I think highly of French horses. It may, perhaps, be scarcely fair, in reference to those of other countries, to jump at once to the best sort of that for which we claim excellence; but in no part of the world which I have visited have I seen such horses for every department of agriculture, and for stage-wagons, or carts, as the black roans of the Norman breed, which we find on the roads—those in the vicinity of Paris especially. Their colour, more properly speaking, is a dark iron-grey, but distinguished as black roans, their heads being for the most part black; but the first appellation is by no means uncharacteristic of them, inasmuch as, figuratively speaking, they may be said to be as hard as iron, which their general good looks, under severe labour

and not the best of food, very plainly indicate.*

I know of no horses that combine immense strength with sharp trotting action, equal to those of France. Look at the teams in the carts which convey fish from the coast to Paris. Who would believe that they travel at the rate of eight miles in the hour? But such is the fact, and with a cumbrous machine behind them. There is a breed of red roans in the neighbourhood of Boulogne, and known as the Boulognais breed, which are much used for this purpose. I sat behind a pair of them once from the old Boulogne race-course to the town, and was astonished at the quickness of their action, combined with the power and substance of a London dray-horse. We

* I have lately had an application from an English nobleman to purchase for him a horse of this breed, to cross with his Suffolk punch mares. The price of a good four year old is about £80.

have nothing equal to them in England for this combination.

Both of these breeds of roans have been indigenous in France for a very long period of years, and no small pains have been taken not only to preserve the purity of them, but, by observing most carefully the laws of mutual congruity in point of form, to improve upon the original type.

Next—the post and diligence horses of France, if examined minutely, will be found to have excellent points for hard work. Their legs are strong, short, and short-jointed: they have very muscular thighs, excellent backs, ribs, and loins, with, for the most part, neat and characteristic heads, well set on. Generally speaking, they have a vast deal of substance in a small compass; and although they are apt to have coarse points, such as shoulders loaded at the points, heavy-looking and cross-made

quarters, their action is excellent for horses of their stamp, and would be infinitely better were they fed as highly, and groomed as carefully, as the post and coach-horses of England are.

A post-horse in France ought to have the strength of a wagon-horse. Fancy a clause in the "Livre de Poste," restricting the weight of their postillions' saddles to forty pounds! adding, that all above that weight are dangerous. When to this is added a stalwart postillion, six feet high—and such many of them are—in his jack-boots, any thing beyond six miles an hour would be unreasonable to expect from him on the road.

What we call a good hack, in France is a rarity—I mean in the provinces—and this from two principal causes: First, few Frenchmen—the Parisian aristocracy excepted—ride for pleasure, the cabriolet being better suited to their habits. Se-

condly, a cross of blood is wanting to constitute a good hack.

The gait called the amble, so much in favour with farmers and their wives, although well enough for those who are content to travel only at a certain pace, is an outrage upon nature. The bodies of horses being supported upon four points of support (the four legs), which form a long square, the easiest manner of moving for them is, to change two of them at once in a diagonal line, in such a manner that the centre of gravity of the animal's body may move but little, and rest always in the direction of the two points which are at rest. In the three natural paces of the horse, namely, the walk, the trot, and the gallop, this rule of motion is always observed, varying only in the *times* in the movement, which are four in the walk, and two in the trot; but in the amble—in which there are only two times in the movement, as in the

trot—the fore-leg rises at the same time with the hind-leg on the same side, which must be contrary to the law of mechanics, and despite its slowness, very fatiguing to the horse, each side of the body being alternately without support, and consequently the equilibrium between them destroyed. Then there is another objection to this pace: it is difficult to urge the ambling horse beyond a certain speed.

Although I have watched the action of these amblers, and notwithstanding they are mechanically compelled to go near to the ground, I have not observed one of them make a false step. I understand they are broken to the pace when young, by their legs being so tied that they can only move those on one side at the same time; and it is asserted, that the produce of ambling horses and mares produce amblers ready made: which I cannot believe to be the case.

But it is not only in France that horses are forbidden to trot, as is the ambler's case; the Arabs only accustom their horses to the walk, the canter, or the gallop.

I believe I may take credit to myself for having contributed to the improvement of French horses, by a work I published in the French language, four years ago, under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans, on the breeding, rearing, and training the thorough bred horse. This work, from its wide circulation by the government, and by individuals, will, no doubt, have opened the eyes of breeders of horses of every description, to the necessity of warmth, and good and plentiful food, in not merely increasing the size and power, and forcibly developing the muscles, but in being the best preventives of coarse points, constituting unsightly form. Its effects, indeed, have already appeared, by a letter published in the *Journal des Haras* (Paris), on the success

of the in-door system; and I have reason to believe it will, to a great extent, be adopted in the breeding establishments of France. They will in time learn from experience—the parent of ultimate success in such matters—the truth of the late Mr. Warde's axiom, namely, that half of the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth.

Touching French race-horses, it is young days with them. There would indeed be a difficulty in defining a French race-horse, beyond the fact of his being foaled and reared in France; but of such there are at present a larger number than most persons have a conception of, and many of them of the right sort as to blood. That what is called a French-bred race-horse is considered inferior to an English one of equal pretensions in all other respects, is established by the fact of the weight allowed them in the Goodwood cup, recently won by the late Duke of Orleans, but with an English-bred

horse. But why—which the English trainers in France say is the case—second class English-bred race-horses should be equal to first class French-bred ones, is what I am not at present able to account for, the system of rearing and training being the same. This point may perhaps be determined should the countries remain at peace. We shall probably see Lord Henry Seymour, or some French breeder, sending promising two-year-olds to England, to prepare them for the next year's Derby or Oaks—a circumstance that would create vast interest on the English turf, and a species of rivalry infinitely preferable to that created by opposing armies on the battle-field.

The Germans may be said to have a horse mania. Previous to the importation of English blood for the purposes of racing, they had a good breed of their own for all common purposes; and in Mecklenburgh

especially, they have always had a good sort for carriage-work and the saddle. The former are much used in several continental cities, Paris amongst the number; they are apt to have what are called "Roman noses;" but that defect is nearly hidden by the harness-bridle. And independently of our blood, they had a good sort of thorough-bred horse of their own, having the Arab for its source.

I rode one of this description—a hunter called Adrastus, who had carried the late Count Plessen, who rode very heavy, for fifteen years with his fox-hounds; and an excellent specimen he was, combining great power with very light action, and displaying evident marks of high oriental blood on one side of his head, as the term is.

The generality of these horses, called thorough-bred, would not bear a scrutiny into their pedigrees; and although attempts were made by some of the breeders of them,

in the young days of German horse-racing, to contend with those of English blood, they ended in defeat, with a very few exceptions. Some estimate, however, may be formed of their value by the fact of a horse in training, the produce of one of them, being sold, in my presence, for 500 louis-d'or.

I have seen but little of Spanish horses. Their peculiarity consists in the width of the jaws, at the setting on of the neck, which renders them especially suitable to the purposes of parade, and slow carriage processions, by reason of their reining in so well. I have seen what is said to be a faithful portrait of the true Andalusian Xeres breed, having this quality to a remarkable degree. He was presented by the Earl of Morton to a gentleman in Forfarshire.

The Spanish horse is not fast in his

paces; but considering how long the Moors possessed the greater part of Spain, is it not surprising that the Barb and Arabian blood has not been more generally and beneficially diffused through the indigenous breed? Probably, as has been the case with other countries, there existed a strong prejudice in favour of the indigenous breed, which retarded its amelioration.

I have always been led to understand that Spanish horses are particularly sure-footed, and the sort of hackney called the jennet, especially so.

My sole experience of the Spanish breed is confined to that of an entire horse, that has only lately been drafted from the Calais and Boulogne Telegraph coach, in which he ran as leader for many years. This horse had high blood in his veins, which was apparent from the short and always glossy state of his coat, and the silky feel of his skin; and also from the

long time he continued in his work, after he became a mere wreck of himself. Had I been a breeder of horses in this country, I should have speculated in a cross between him and a good English mare, for a hunter.

That what is called the English horse—a term which, however Irish it may seem, includes that of Ireland as well as Scotland in the continental horse market — is, for all purposes of business, profit, and pleasure, the most generally useful and excellent, is a truth no one will dispute; and his good qualities, in comparison with those of other countries, have only been called in question on one point—namely, his powers of endurance under long-continued exertions. With one breed, celebrated for stoutness, he was put to the test, and proved victorious. I allude to the match which took place in 1825,

between two English and two Cossack horses, over forty-seven miles of ground —proposed by the Cossack General, Count Orloff Deneescoff and others, and accepted by Count Matuschevitz, of Melton Mowbray fame, for the sum of 2000*l.*

The Cossack party took every precaution to procure the best horses of the breed. Count Orloff Deneescoff, indeed, went himself to the Don for the purpose; there was not a tribe of the Cossacks but what furnished its quota; and after scanning their merits and performances, two were selected for the match. One was from the stable of the Hetman, Count Platoff, and the other from that of Count Kuteinikoff—each celebrated for their studs of the true Cossack blood. The former was rather coarse in his form, but with good essential points, and considerable power; the other a very neat horse, and

although bred on the Don, said to betray Arabian Desert blood.

The English horses were Sharper, by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, bred by the late Earl of Egremont; and Mina, by Orville, dam, Barossa, by Vermin, bred by Lord George Cavendish—both second rate racers in England, but of what is called stout blood—Mina especially so, in his renowned sire, Orville. The result was this: Mina burst his coronet from the hardness of the ground, and was pulled up. Platoff's horse gave up before two-thirds of the ground was run over; and Sharper, although by a stirrup-leather breaking, he ran away with his rider for a long distance, and up a severe ascent of ground, was the winner—his competitor in the race being obliged to be hauled along by ropes. Add to this, the English horses carried much extra weight (one

report said three stone), for strange as it may appear, no weight was specified; and the losing Cossack, whose rider was changed during the match, carried a mere child at the conclusion of it.

The interest of this match was such, that the present Emperor of Russia and his brother were present, and the road travelled over by the horses was lined by Cossacks of the guards at regular intervals, and some telegraphic movements of their pikes, intelligible only to those initiated, occasioned some brisk betting during the match, for which some of the speculators suffered in the end. Sharper ran the distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes, and would have run it in less time but for his breaking away with his rider.

My experience of Cossack horses is confined to a few. I rode one of Count Hahn's in Germany, and was much struck

with his light, corky action, and very wiry appearance. I also saw at Doberan, in the same country, three driven in a droshka, belonging to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, which I very much admired.

It is said of Englishmen, that if they fail to convince by argument, *a bet* is at once resorted to, to determine the disputed point. It having reached the ears of the Sir Charles Bunbury of Germany, my friend Baron Biel of Zierow, that the Prince Puckler-Muskau offered to produce an Arabian horse that should beat any thorough-bred English horse, *at going a long distance*, the Baron accepted his challenge, in a letter, of which the following is a copy :—

" *Zierow, July* 8, 1839.

" MY LORD,

" Your numerous friends and admirers abound in acknowledgments of the benevolent communications which, from coun-

tries very remote from them, you have presented to the public, on the subject of oriental horses. The greater part of what you have stated, in your letters, addressed to the Count de Veltheim-Harbke, was most interesting to me. But that which struck me most forcibly, is the description you give of the stoutness and endurance of the Arab horses. You seem convinced that they are much superior to the English horses of pure blood; and you throw down the glove to any one who entertains a contrary opinion. Permit me to take it up.

"I hereby offer to make the trial, with a horse of pure English blood, against any one of Arabian blood — that is to say, which of the two shall, in the space of six days, run the greater distance of ground. Respecting the weights, and other secondary conditions, we can regulate them by-and-by. This affair is sufficiently important, as regards the characters of the

horses of the two countries; but the hope of passing six days with you, is a motive powerful enough to make me anxious that you should accept my challenge.

"At the moment of the publication of your second letter to Count de Veltheim, which I sent immediately to the 'Journal des Haras de Paris,' I hoped to be able to have a personal communication with you on the above affair; but having since been apprised that the period of your return is not yet fixed, I requested the Count de Holmer (the Editor) to insert this letter in his journal, a copy of which, no doubt, you receive.

(Signed) "BIEL."

Now, although in the case of Sharper, a thorough-bred racer, against the flower of the Cossack horses, in a race of forty miles on end, the latter had no chance, the trial here proposed admits of some specula-

tion. In one respect, the Baron, from his long experience in racing, would have the benefit of superior condition; but, did not the weights exceed nine or ten stone, I should not refuse odds against the horse of the East. We know he is not within two distances of a good English racer, on a race course; but such is the density of his bone, the elasticity of his sinew, and the strength of his muscle, that, in a long and tiring match of the description here detailed, I should be almost afraid to bet against him. Had the trial come off, it would have been one of the most interesting events of modern days, in which horses have been concerned; although it may justly be objected to on the score of humanity.

No horse—supposing the beauty of an animal to consist in a perfect adaptation of parts to the purposes required of it—is at all to be compared, in regard to appearance, with the English race horse of the present

day, when in his best form, and in the highest state of training, when his muscles are fully developed. Even the horse of the desert is deformity to him; and as to any other variety of his species, he cannot stand comparison with him. Our hunters and hacks have likewise long borne the bell, and we approach very near to the Americans in our trotters, although the trotting pace, beyond a certain speed, is not essential to the good properties of a hack.

By way of proving what I have said of English trotters, I can state one fact. In her match with the American horse Rattler, over ten miles of ground, between Cambridge and Godmanchester, Miss Turner, the celebrated Welsh mare, although beaten by one minute and two seconds, performed the distance in thirty-one minutes and forty-two seconds, notwithstanding her having broken into a gallop twice in the time.

The worst sort of English horse is the black, hairy-legged cart-horse, which may be called the south-country farmer's curse; for he does not exist in the north. Unless fed higher than mere agricultural labour will reimburse, his action is too slow, and his tread is too heavy. It is only when very highly fed, as in London, and in public roadwork, that we see these animals stepping out as they should do. In short, their own weight destroys their natural action; and it has become a proverb in reference to some parts of England, that farmers are eaten up by their horses.

Nevertheless, when this huge animal is in his most perfect form and condition, and entire, he must be allowed to be amongst the noblest of all God's creatures; and he has been taken as the *ideal* of the war-horse of most ancient painters. When describing one of this description, bred by the celebrated Bakewell of Leicestershire, Mar-

shall says, "A man of moderate size seemed to shrink behind his fore-end, which rose so perfectly upright, that his ears stood perpendicularly over his fore-feet."

This is all very grand, but the most useful sort of English cart-horse is one of inferior size, like the Suffolk Punch, which has a thick carcass, a back short and straight, legs short and clean, as strong as a bull, yet as active as a pony, equally suited for a cart or wagon, or for a still lighter carriage. This horse will always pay for his keep.

Scotch horses have always been esteemed for their hardiness and quick stepping in their walk, so essential to their use in light single-horse carts; and it need scarcely be observed, that a heavy cart-horse of the breed I have been speaking of, is not to be found in the country. Scotch-bred hunters, also, have ever been in repute for their stoutness in the field. We have also at

present several large breeders of race-horses north of Tweed—Lords Eglintoun and Kelburne, Sir James Boswell, Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, and others.

Since the practice has become so general in Ireland of crossing the indigenous breed with pure racing blood, it is no wonder that such excellent hunters are now obtained from Ireland; and fortunate is it that such is the case, inasmuch as without them, English sportsmen would find difficulty in mounting themselves on horses of the best stamp.

The excellence of Irish hunters of the present day may be thus accounted for. From the absence of the heavy cart-horse in Ireland, the general blood of the country is nowise stained with theirs, as it is in England; and for this reason has the Irish hackney been always much esteemed, being of a *sui generis* race, which is not the

case in England, where, in this description of horse, the blood of "*Black Mamma*" has more or less prevailed, unless it be in those of the very best sort. Irish mares, then, when crossed with full blood, would thus naturally soon produce horses of good blood, partaking at the same time with those of the highly-bred racer, the good qualities of their own breed, which are by no means few.

The Irish hackney, as I have already said, was always esteemed; and although when I first hunted in Ireland, Irish hunters were chiefly celebrated for their leaping powers, by reason of their want of breeding, and ability to go fast, they are now so far benefited by the acquisition of purer blood, as to give them a high character in the hunting world, as well as to have become a source of great profit to the breeders of them. And yet hunters thus bred are not to be considered equal to those of pure English

or Irish blood, whose powers are sufficient for the purposes to which they are put.

As regards Irish race-horses, the improvement has gone progressively on since the days of Mr. Bowes Daly and his contemporaries. The name and fame of Harkaway will never be forgotten in England, and a recent Chester cup—the grand prize of the meeting—was won by an Irish-bred horse.

CHAPTER IX.

Hints to French breeders—Government patronage of racing in France—Duke of Orleans—New era in France—Jealousy of the French—Count Armand de Portmartin—General Bugeaud on horse-breeding—Prince of Moskowa—His work on horse-breeding and cavalry horses—Extracts from it—Justness of his views—Nearly all the best horses imported from England—French prejudices—Large prices given for English horses—Singular blunders—The French cavalry horses excellent—Little care taken of French horses—Government contract with Elmore—Singular scene—French mails and diligences.

With the exception of the localities of Chantilly, Paris, and Versailles, which may rank with our Epsom, Doncaster, and Ascot, almost all prizes given with the view of

ameliorating the breed of horses—so much called for in France—should be open only to horses bred in the department in which the race-meeting takes place, and likewise to two and three-year old colts and fillies, having one good cup-race, as also a handicap (and one hurdle-race if approved of), at each meeting, for horses of all ages and countries. Men of small incomes, however inclined to breed racing-stock, will not do it in France, unless they can bring them to the post, as we do in England, at two and three years old, and thereby have a prospect of an early return for their outlay of capital in breeding them. It is evidently the intention of the government to improve the breed of French horses by promoting racing; but they have not as yet gone the right way to work.

For example: the government gives two thousand francs, in two prizes, every year at Boulogne, for horses foaled in the

northern division of France, thereby including those foaled in the neighbourhood of Paris, where all the best studs are established;—thus discouraging a local breeder from any attempt to compete with them, for some time to come at least. The late Duke of Orleans also gave 1000 francs for a hurdle-race, open to all horses; and he did so for some years past. But what advantage has here accrued to France? Horses have arrived from England a day or two before the appointed time, and their owners have carried back the prizes, both at Boulogne and St. Omer, without a French-bred horse starting for either of them.

I know but one breeder of race-horses in this part of France, and he is not a Frenchman, who has ever won a hurdle-race, and kept the winner in the country. He won it with a good sort of a mare, thoroughbred and strong (the sort of animal, in short, to

be desired in any country), from which he afterwards bred by the celebrated horse Lottery, late Clinker, now in the government-stud in Paris, and she has had another foal by him since.

Were the government to divide these three thousand francs, together with the King's Plate, into four distinct prizes—namely, one for two-year old colts and fillies, thoroughbred; another for those of two and three years old, also thoroughbred; another for all ages, thoroughbred; and the fourth for all ages, half-bred, *all to be foaled in the department*, there would be no lack of French breeders of race-horses. The other prizes given might be open to horses from any country.

It has been suggested that the above-named prizes should be for colts and fillies, *the produce of horses and mares bred in the department;* but to this I strongly object, as it would be the means of checking the

importation of fresh blood from England, or from the neighbourhood of Paris, where some of the best are to be found. So long, however, as the inducement to breed is so limited as it now is in this department, things will remain in *statu quo;* not because there are not Frenchmen well disposed and able to enter into the speculation of rearing horses for the turf, and running them; nor because hay and corn are dearer here than in other parts of France; but solely for the reason just given—namely, the want of encouragement to do so. And I can mention a case, shewing the necessity of an alteration in these matters.

An Irish gentleman of the name of Burton, residing in the neighbourhood of Montreuil-sur-Mer, about twenty-two miles from Boulogne, brought out an exceedingly fine two-year old filly, by Exile, bred in France by himself, at the late Boulogne races; but there being neither stakes nor

plate for two-year olds, she was obliged to carry three-year old weight, which she did, beating everything in the race with her, in a canter: walking over for another prize, and winning a third the week following at St. Omer. This same gentleman has two other two-year olds, bred by himself, one of them engaged in the Hippodrome 1000 Guineas Stakes of 1843; but he assures me they are the last he shall breed in France, unless some greater encouragement is held out to French breeders than what they already receive from the government, which I am certain, requires only to be convinced of the best method to attain the object in view, to immediately adopt it.

It is natural to imagine, that the sort of new era which has lately shone forth in France, as giving birth to a passion for racing and other British sports, has had its admirers and its calumniators, as the tastes of the parties directed. Amongst the latter,

is a Count Armand de Portmartin, who, in an article in the *Quotidienne* Paris newspaper, under the head of "England in France" endeavoured to turn into ridicule the praiseworthy attempts of those of his countrymen who, having the example of England before their eyes, are endeavouring to improve the breed of their horses by the *only certain* means—viz., the promoting of race-meetings in various parts of the kingdom. There is, however, nothing of malignity in the count's language, but a good deal of taunting sarcasm, with now and then an insinuation which cannot be mistaken for anything but the result of a feeling adverse to innovations and improvements *not* of French growth, and more especially any imported from Great Britain. In fact, the very title he gives to his article at once shews that he is somewhat jealous of the good fellowship that has lately existed between French and English gentle-

men, as well as between the two nations generally—both which, as he is aware, have been greatly promoted by the former entering, as they have done, and with spirit, into the favourite pastimes of the latter, horse-racing especially.

It appears that the article in question owes its birth to the count's having perused, in the *Revue Britannique*—a periodical of great circulation in France, and entirely devoted to the translation of certain articles in those of England,—a paper from my pen in the "New Monthly Magazine" on Foreign Sporting, in which racing in France was introduced, and commented upon; and he commences his strictures by observing, that, as was the case in England, *sporting* was about to become paramount to everything else in France, and that, by its influence, the character and manners of Frenchmen were about to be changed.

The Count has a slap at the Duke of

Orleans, and at length introduces his Royal Highness in conversation with myself, on the subject of racing, of course. Racing in France—consequently improvement in the horses of the country—would never have arrived at what it now is, had not the heir-apparent become its patron. That it will have the effect of improving the horses of the country, the example of England convinces us; and surely the Count is not so bold as to assert that no improvement is wanting. How is it that, in the comparatively small kingdom of Great Britain, the value of horses should be estimated at the enormous sum of twenty-two millions of pounds sterling; and also that she is at this moment remounting the cavalry of France, she herself being unable to do so?

Some extracts lately appeared in a French journal, from the pen of General Bugeaud, offering his advice to the breeders of horses in France, on the treatment of them in

their colthood, with a view of fitting them for the cavalry. Though I omitted transcribing them, I have a perfect recollection of the erroneous systems which he advocated. For example: at one time of the year, bran and carrots were to form their principal food. Now, in the first place, there is no nourishment to a horse in bran; and when mixed with carrots, the effect of which is strongly diuretic, such food must be debilitating in the extreme. It is true it has been the practice in England to give to our best colts a few carrots mixed with their corn in the spring, but only a few; and I believe the practice has lost ground within the last few years. Then out to graze *at Michaelmas*, after having been housed previously! Now if there be one period of the year less fitted for colts to be abroad than another, it is during the autumnal months, when the grass is sour, and weak in its nutritive properties; when the

coat of the animal is undergoing a certain degree of change by the natural process of moulting; and when the influence of climate is most powerful, by long-continued rains especially.

What a different view from that taken by the Count Armand de Portmartin, is that of another French nobleman, the Prince of Moskowa, son of the gallant Ney, who, as President of the Society for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses in France, and also as a cavalry officer of rank, has published a pamphlet on the defective state of the system at present pursued in his country, with regard to that most desirable object to all nations—to a military one, such as France is, most particularly so. I will quote a few passages from this excellent little work—a copy of which the Prince did me the honour to present me with,—shewing that the author has benefitted by the experience he has had of English-bred race-

horses, in the hands of his own English grooms, and that he is not above acknowledging the fact.

" In England," says the prince, " they attach almost as much importance to the food and management of the colt as to the purity of the blood of the horse and the mare that produce him. The horses of their dragoon guards, for example, are many of them bought at two years old by the government, at a price of twenty-five guineas each, which is the regular price allowed; but these horses are fed with so much care, that they attain the noblest development that a horse is susceptible of, being of great size, and with all desirable requisites."

And the following remarks shew how highly the writer appreciates pure blood, and how essential is a mixture of it for light cavalry horses.

" To breed, to feed, and to instruct

colts," he says, "are things indispensable to the service of the remount; and we must remember that the more blood a young horse has, the more easy will he be to instruct, because two of the properties of the horse of pure blood are courage and intelligence."

Again—"We have several instances in our light cavalry of the effects of crossing working mares with horses of pure blood."

This passage alludes to France; but the writer proceeds to corroborate his assertion by the experience of other countries. For example:—

"The 12th regiment of the Chasseurs," says he, "and the 5th of Hussars, having sojourned a long time in the Pyrenees, had occasion to remount themselves, and it is easy to see with what advantage. All the officers of these regiments have remarkable horses, and the greater part of those of the men are very distinguished. This one ex-

ample, among many others, justifies the doctrine I have before advanced."

Again—Let us hear what the prince says on the advantages of racing :—

"The inhabitants of the plains of Tarbes, the capital of the Hautes Pyrenées, are passionately fond of racing. There is not a hippodrome in France which can shew a larger number of competitors than that of Loubiére ; so much so, indeed, as to make it necessary that the horses should run in two or three different classes for the same prize. This passion for racing among the farmers of these countries, makes them procure for their mares the best Arab or English sire they can get ; and as this system has been practised for a long time, the horses and mares, and consequently the colts, of this country have excellent qualities—marked, in fact, with the seal of their own characteristic race."

Politically considered, the following passages are interesting, inasmuch as they confirm the truth of the assertions of the English press, as to the deficiency in French cavalry at the period when war between France and England was much talked of, and also much dreaded:—

"The government," says the prince, "would be sorry to have to give to strangers considerable sums of money to buy horses fit for the cavalry, if the indigenous industry of the country, properly encouraged, could supply them. If we could guarantee to the breeder a beneficial sale of his produce, we should create a result, the effect of which could not be doubted. It happens, however, that, either in ignorance of the art of producing, or carelessness in rearing their young horses, or, in fact, from a ten-

* They recently did this, by a contract with Messrs. Elmore, for 2500 horses.

dency to abuse the administration, our breeders are not in the place they ought to be, and the result is, that the minister of war has the greatest difficulty in procuring every year the number of horses necessary to keep up our regiments."

The prince tells us—a fact well known to all who have visited Paris—that nearly all the carriage and saddle horses used by the aristocracy of France have been imported from England; and also that the officers of the French cavalry have great difficulty in mounting themselves on horses bred in France, from the want of figure and fashion, which a cross of pure English or Arab blood alone can impart to them. This is puzzling to Englishmen when they consider the vast extent of the kingdom of France, and the opportunities the people have had of following the example of England, in the first place, by availing themselves of Arabian blood, and in the next, of what is now much

superior to it—good English blood. He proceeds, however, to account for this apparent neglect of public and private interests. Improvement in the breed of horses in France to the extent required will never, he says, be effected, until it becomes the reward of the native industry of the country —by which he implies its being taken out of the hands of the administration.

"The government stud," he says, "has 471 brood mares and foals, the keeping of which requires a vast establishment, and employs a great many people; and after all, they are kept for no use whatever. The mares miscarry and the foals die."

He likewise finds much fault with the sort of stud-horses it disperses throughout the department, only 194 out of 861 being horses of pure blood.

"It is here," he says, "that the want of confidence in the veritable doctrine of pure blood is most felt. It is known and admitted

that the improvement of horses cannot be accomplished but by the means of thoroughbred sires, and yet the stud employs mongrels, and heavy and common horses, to the number of 570!"

But now comes the truth.

"What answer do we receive," says the prince, "when we remark upon the uselessness of those miserable horses for the end for which they are intended? It is—that the farmers and other breeders have prejudices against horses of pure blood, and will not have them. But should not the administration endeavour to destroy this prejudice, instead of encouraging it by continuing to employ such stud-horses as they possess, and which are a disgrace to their stables?"

The fact is, there is and ever will be in France a prejudice against light horses, and it is to be accounted for in many ways. In the first place, the generality of Frenchmen

—ay, ninety-nine in a hundred—admire a horse as they would a bullock, according to his great size and weight; and if he have a little more action than the bullock has, they are satisfied. The pace they travel at requires little more, it being, with those who ride or drive their own horses, not much beyond four miles in the hour.

Secondly, racing will never become in France what it is with us, one of the principal popular amusements. I believe it is even at present considered by many who do not absent themselves from a race-meeting if it take place in their neighbourhood, as *un diable de plaisir;* nor can we wonder at persons not enjoying what they do not understand. And I must be pardoned for quoting a reason given to me some few years back for racing not being understood in France.

"Will the French ever take to racing, and come to understand the principles of

it?" was a question put by myself in Paris to a French nobleman deeply interested in it.

"*Never*," said he, in reply; "they know nothing about it, and are too conceited to learn."

If ever they do take to racing in good earnest, it will be for the sake of the reward, and with this consideration, the prizes given by the government are considered by the Prince of Moskowa as not sufficient in value. He also recommends exhibitions of brood mares and colts throughout the departments, with prizes for the best; and clearly shews that in those parts of France in which the best prizes to be run for are given, speculation is already active, and brood mares are to be found which have been purchased in England at the price of from fifteen to twenty thousand francs each. For the truth of this I can vouch, having myself seen in the stud of Monsieur Auguste

Lupin, in the neighbourhood of Paris, three brood mares, for which very near two thousand guineas were given at the late King William IV.'s sale.

The late Duke of Orleans was the most spirited breeder of race-horses in France, and gave out of his own purse a prize or prizes at those places at which racing is most likely to progress; and in his own stables his Royal Highness had his full share of success.

The government made an attempt to train and run the colts they bred, and they made a good beginning, but have now abandoned the practice, and only breed to sell the produce for the benefit of the country.

The Duke de Guiche, also, who long resided in England, has been a great promoter of the breed of thorough-bred horses in France, and in a work from his pen has boldly given his opinion that 7000 stud-

horses of pure blood are required for the regeneration of the breed of French horses, which would in that case be effected in the space of twenty years.

In accounting for the little improvement hitherto effected in the breed of French horses, the Prince of Moskowa gives the following causes of failure :—

Firstly—The fickleness of the doctrines and the speculative methods of the administration.

Secondly—The instability of the *personnel*, (*i.e.*, the persons employed.)

Thirdly—The material organization of the administration itself.

But in my opinion the true cause is to be found in the following sentence in the prince's pamphlet, when speaking of the formation of the Society for the Improvement of Horses in France.

"Several members," says he, "founders of this establishment, were invited to call

on the Minister of the Interior to discuss their theories, and to sustain the belief of their new faith."

"The doctrines of the society were no others than those used in Arabia ages ago, and in England since Charles I.; and more recently in Germany, in Russia, and in every country in which the people occupy themselves in breeding horses. The trial was long; I assisted as a member of the society, and I shall never forget *with what ardour the doctrine of pure blood was attacked and defended.* The result was favourable, and since that epoch, horses and mares of pure blood have *not* been excluded from government races. Their incontestable superiority soon put the others aside, and the feeble encouragement at present given by the ministry is no longer reserved for horses only fit to poison the breed."

But, reader, only imagine an administrative body formed for the improvement of

horses, ever having excluded from their race-courses, consequently from their studs, the only horses fit to appear on the one, and improve the other!

It appears from a note appended to page 20 of the prince's little work, that many of the postmasters who have engaged to find horses for the new mail-coaches, which travel over great part of France (one comes every day from Paris to Calais) at the rate of ten miles an hour, stoppages included, have protested against the increased rate of speed, declaring that they shall be ruined by the destruction of their horses.

"Would they know the cause of this?" asks the prince. I will give his own words, which are expressive.

"Or veut-on savoir ce qui manque à ces chevaux? Du *sang*, du *sang*, qui donne l'haleine, l'énergie, le fond, et qui manque à nos chevaux de poste; aussi ne sera-t-il pas hors-de-propos de les rendre un peu

plus légers, quand la France se verra dotée d'une plus grande quantité d'étalons de race pure."

A correspondent in the *Times* newspaper, a short time back, offered some remarks on the comparative merits of the horses used in the French cavalry, giving them the preference over all others for enduring the hardships of a campaign—especially instancing the one in Russia, and its horrors, which few horses but French—those of the Normandy breed especially—survived. They also are said by the same writer to have stoutly resisted the climate of the Peninsula.

I am very much of the same opinion. My experience of French horses, generally, leads me to class them amongst the hardiest of their species, and they will eat what an English horse would refuse. In fact, I have often said of them, from what I have witnessed of their meagre appearance, and the

severe work they perform in this state, that there seems to be no end to them until their throats are cut.* Nevertheless, what I have seen of French cavalry horses does not prepossess me in their favour. They look very low-bred; are apt to be bull-necked, consequently heavy in their fore-quarters and in hand, as well as deficient in that light action which the nature of the manœuvres they are called upon to perform

* The little attention a Frenchman thinks it necessary to bestow upon a horse under his care, naturally surprises an Englishman; and I, a short time back, witnessed an instance of it. A horse was brought into his stable by his owner, who had been driving him some considerable distance, and was delivered by him into the hands of the person who looked after him. A bundle of hay, and one of straw, were already in his rack, and something like a bed of straw was prepared for him. But what grooming did he receive? Why, the fellow, after he had taken off the harness, gave him three or four slaps on each side of his body with a leather rubber, and having kicked up his bed with his foot, and cried "là," instantly locked the door upon him. Strange to say, stopping the feet of horses, at any period of the year, is scarcely practised in France.

with *éclat*, requires. They have, however, one redeeming quality; they have strength to carry their burden, and a docility of temper that is remarkable.*

The town of Calais lately presented an amusing scene. A shipload of horses arrived daily from Dover, as part of a contract entered into by Mr. Elmore, the celebrated London dealer, to supply the French government with two thousand five hundred horses, as before referred to (p. 252).

The inspecting colonels—for there were two—were accompanied by Monsieur Bercher, a veterinary surgeon of great expe-

* A conversation between the late King George the Fourth and his Grace the Duke of Wellington, on the relative merits of French and English cavalry, is well known to the military circles.

"Our cavalry is very superior to the French," said the king.

"The French cavalry is very good, sire," replied the duke.

"But ours is better," resumed the king.

"The French cavalry is very good, sire," persisted the duke.

rience, and standing very high in his profession. Previously to their action being exhibited, he examined the horses under a shed, in the presence of the colonels, and his quick and experienced eye instantly detected anything likely to produce unsoundness. It, however, would appear strange to Englishmen present, to observe, that not once in twenty inspections does he lift up a foot to look at the state of it, satisfying himself, I presume, of its soundness, by its external formation. He has a clever instrument for taking the measure of a horse's foot, for his shoes, which is quite new to me.

There was one circumstance respecting this transaction on the part of the French government which surprised me; the insisting upon the horses being brought to Calais to be inspected and passed. Mr. Elmore offered to deduct *five* pounds per head, in the case of their having been in-

spected in London, and *two* pounds if at Dover. Several of those refused were sold at more than the government price.

I now and then hear an objection raised against the permission given by our country to the exportation of these horses, especially as it was refused by others. To this I answer, that the withdrawing of two or three thousand of our inferior horses and mares from Great Britain, is a mere drop from the ocean, as regards our own wants; and may be looked upon as a relief to the horse-market, consequently to the agricultural world, at a moment when relief is wanted. It must be recollected that by far the greater part of the sires and dams of these young horses (most of them three and four years old) are still remaining in England, producing more, and that the brothers and sisters to those exported will soon fill their places. There may be some truth in asserting, that the French nation may profit by the produce

of the many English mares they will get into their country by this contract being fulfilled; still it is in vain to doubt, now that the effects of racing in France are being made apparent through the influence of the government and the press, that without our aid in the case alluded to, the horses of France *must*, in time, improve. The quickening the rate of the mails and the diligences alone will do it; for even the French people, in these universally fast times, will no longer submit to be nearly forty hours on the road from Calais to Paris (only 165 miles), which was the case not three years back. Twenty-six hours now is the time allowed; and the diligences keep good time, unless much opposed by weather, which must have a powerful effect on such ponderous machines.

CHAPTER X.

Chantilly spring meeting of 1841—Duke of Orleans —Splendid preparations—French Jockey-Club—Keeping the course—Large sums betted—Singular race—Won by a surprise—Extraordinary stag hunt—The meet—The turn out—Beautiful scene —Details of the chase—Evening scene—Sans ceremonie—French account of the sports—Anecdotes—The Duke of Orleans—Establishment of Louis Philippe—Extraordinary feat of an Arab horse—the hunt—Sporting on Sunday—The grand day—Hurdle race—Rapid progress of French racing—Hints to French sportsmen—Edgar Pavis —The Duke of Orleans and the Goodwood cup—Change in the upper classes in France—The fête at Chantilly—CONCLUSION.

I WILL conclude this work with a few desultory recollections of the last grand spring meeting at Chantilly—the New-

market of France—for the express purpose of attending which I went from England.

For the two previous years to the one I am speaking of, the Duke of Orleans was deprived of the pleasure anticipated from his attendance at the Chantilly spring races; in the first, by an *émeute* in Paris; in the second, by his absence with the army in Africa. On the late occasion, therefore, his royal highness was resolved to have amends made to himself and his friends, for whose entertainment he had made great preparation, by one of the grandest displays that even royalty itself has made on occasions of public amusements—an idea of which may be formed by the fact of the cost of the week exceeding the sum of ten thousand pounds.

The members of the Paris Jockey-Club were not less zealous on the occasion. Four large houses in the town of Chantilly were hired for the accommodation of them-

selves and their friends, and fifty pounds for the week was no uncommon demand for a house equal to the accommodation of a moderately-sized family. Even my usual payment of a napoleon per night for my bed, was not deemed enough on this brilliant occasion, and everything in the town was chalked up double. Even common stalls, in bad stables, were charged for at the rate of five shillings per night; and as for a box for a race-horse, a box at the Opera might have been had at less cost. Well might the good people of Chantilly and its environs cry out "Hurrah for the Duke of Orleans and racing!" for since the death of their beloved Duke de Bourbon, the first sportsman in their land, they have not seen such times.

I will here say a few words in explanation of an objection frequently alluded to by the reporters of the English newspaper press, touching what is called "keeping the

course" in France. It is true, that to an Englishman, accustomed to the freedom of an English race-course, *except when a race is being run*, it is by no means pleasing to have a bayonet pointed to his breast, although accompanied by a *civil* request not to enter within the ropes. But the difference between England and France as nations is here to be taken into consideration. In England, racing is so generally popular a pastime, that all the spectators are aware of the proceedings of a race-course. They know, that previously to starting for the prize, each horse takes his "up gallop," as it is termed, by way of letting him feel his legs; and we often see half-a-dozen, or more, doing this on various parts of a course. Now our people are on the look-out for these proceedings, and consequently take care of themselves; but were a French race-course only to be cleared during a race, innumerable accidents would happen, from

ignorance of what was necessary to be done before the horses start.

In a former reference to this meeting, I stated a fact, perhaps not generally credited by my readers—viz., that on the Jockey-Club Plate of that year (the French Derby), the members of the Paris Jockey-Club alone had upwards of 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) depending in bets. It appears, however, by a late trial at Paris (Lord Henry Seymour *versus* M. Aumont), that upwards of 490,000 francs were betted by the same parties, on the same plate, at the last meeting but one. These are no small sums to be at stake, when an error in judgment in a jockey, or a mistake by a judge, might produce an unlooked-for result; and I shall not soon forget my feelings, when, as judge, I saw, in one of these great races, three red jackets (the Duke's), and three yellow ones (Lord Henry's), in front of the ruck, and all close together. Nothing but a

knowledge of the persons of the jockeys is in this case to be depended upon, and even then both eyes must be open.

Such of my readers as are sceptical as to the progress and eventual success of French racing, shall hear something that may alter their opinions—I allude to the amount of stakes, engagements, studs, &c.

On the first day of last Chantilly spring meeting, there were six races—no prize under 80*l.*, and the highest, the New Betting Room Stakes—1000 francs each, ten subscribers; won by Lord Henry Seymour's Poetess, by Royal Oak, out of Ada, very well ridden by William Boyce. The value of another prize on this day was 2000 francs, which, after four most severe heats, was divided between the Duke of Orleans's Gyges, by Priam, out of Eva (the fourth heat being a dead one), and M. de Sevan's Quine, by Lottery, an ex-

ceedingly neat horse, but very deficient in temper. Something of a wrangle took place touching the bets on this race, which were divided in the proportion of the odds before starting, which were twelve to eight on Gyges against Quine, which decision was perfectly correct. This was throughout an admirably contested race, and the riding of Charles Edwards, Moss, W. Boyce, and Hardy, was very highly praised.

The day concluded with the first two-year-old stakes I had seen run for in France. Six good-looking ones came to the post; and the easy winner, Mr. Rothschild's Muse, by Royal Oak, out of Terpsichore, trained by Carter, had every appearance of a flyer.

The weather on the second day (May 14th) was beautiful, and there were numerous fresh arrivals of French and other nobility and gentry from Paris, which

much increased the splendour of the royal party who came to the course, from the Chateau. There were five races; amongst them the prize given by the "Administration des Haras," value 200*l*., for which nineteen horses were entered; and the Foal Stakes, for which twenty-three were entered; but in consequence of the sickness in the several stables, only four in each race came to the post.

For the prize of La Reine Blanche a ludicrous exhibition took place. Only two horses came to the post, one ridden by the Count de Pontalbas, the owner, and the other, the property of Count D'Hedouville, ridden by my countryman, Mr. Gale. An agreement appeared to have been entered into by the owners of these steeds to divide the stakes, and that the Count should come in an easy winner; in consequence of which he led the way over the course in a canter. Mr. Gale, however, had nothing to do with

this agreement, but being on by far the worst horse, contented himself with following the Count until within a few strides of home, when he made a rush almost on the post, and came in a winner by a head. There was a tremendous hubbub caused by this event, and I never heard such peals of laughter on a race-course as were produced by it from all descriptions of persons, by no means to the amusement of the Count, who looked rather angry on the occasion.

There was nothing decidedly unfair in this compromise* — at least nothing intended to be wrong on the part of the owners of the horses, and Mr. Gale, on

* This compromise, as I understood it, was this :— Being a selling race, Count D'Hedouville engaged not to claim Count Pontalbas's horse, in case he (Count P.) won, on condition of receiving half the stake, and he had no chance to get the whole, from the great inferiority of his horse. Such compromises, however, are better let alone.

mounting, declared he would win if possible. The affair, however, came before a committee of the Jockey Club, on the spot, with the Duke of Orleans president, who decided that the race was good, but that all bets were void. The last-named decision was wrong; if the race was good, the bets were good also.

The stag hunt, with the Duke of Orleans' hounds on Saturday, was conducted in a style of great magnificence, the place of meeting being, as usual, La Table—a circular stone table in the forest, about three miles from Chantilly, and on which the late Duc de Bourbon was accustomed to meet his field at breakfast, on gala hunting days. Many of the equipages were well turned out, and filled with elegantly dressed women, as most French carriages on such occasions are.

No sooner was the word given for the chase to commence, than, to my surprise,

I found that we were to have an agreeable trot of full ten miles to find our game, which had been harboured over night by the piquers of the forest. Then, to shew what an affair of parade French hunting is, not more than fifty of the field, which may be safely computed at five hundred horsemen, went with the hounds to see the find; and not more than a third of those saw the run from beginning to end, if run it can be called. But, as far as my recollection serves me, I will endeavour to describe it.

Three deer were roused at once, and it being the object of the huntsmen — of which there were also three—to select the one which put his head towards home, the few hounds they were able to stop from the other deer were laid on him. Strange to say, if his orders had been given him before starting as to what line of country he should take, he could not possibly

have selected a better, for he went eventually to the very place where all the company were assembled, time having allowed them a good luncheon to enable them to support the fatigues of the day. Nor was this all the good fortune that awaited them. Appearing to obey the orders given him, the hunted stag pursued his course to the fine lake in the noble grounds of La Reine Blanche, into which of course he plunged his heated carcass, and in which he met his death from two carbine bullets, after having amused the company for about a quarter of an hour, with thirteen couples of hounds swimming after him at a respectful distance.

Though abhorrent to the eye of a sportsman, (because the deer twice attempted to quit the lake, and he ought to have had a chance for his life, which was not given him,) here was a subject for the painter; inasmuch as the lake in

question, embosomed as it is amidst the wooded hills that surround it, is of the most picturesque and beautiful character, heightened by the elegant chateau of La Reine Blanche, a splendid specimen of the chastest order of Gothic architecture, which is situated on its banks.

But to return to the chase, which, taken in all its bearings, was the most extraordinary that it has been my lot to ride after. At one time we had exactly as many huntsmen as hounds—namely, a leash of each, occasioned partly by there being as many scents, from as many deer being on foot at once; partly from the small number of hounds laid on their game at starting; and partly from the heat of the sun, and the pace—which at times was good—beating some that did start with us.

Then another untoward circumstance occurred. After we had been going twenty minutes, about half of the fifty which com-

posed our field, by following the Count de Gambis, whom they were aware knew the country well—and amongst this lot was our celebrated steeple-race rider, Mr. Barker—were thrown out, and saw no more of the hounds until they found them in the lake. I was fortunate in not being included among these unfortunates. Taking for my guide one of the huntsmen, who being mounted on a small wiry-looking bit of English blood, not an ounce heavier to appearance than his rider's jack-boots, but looking more like going the pace than the other two, I followed him at this doubtful point, and he soon took me to the hounds again, which I never afterwards left.

But now comes the extraordinary part of this chase. Although, as I have already observed, we at one time had but a leash of hounds to carry on the scent, and although at scarcely any period of the run had we more than five or six couples, the pace was

not altogether slow, and occasionally—for the horses which were obliged of course to skirt some of the covers, while the deer and hounds ran straight through,—extremely severe; and I have no hesitation in asserting that we rode over twenty miles at least of very rough ground. I can only say that although I was capitally carried, I never suffered so much in my life in any one run (it lasted two hours and a half) from heat as I did in this; and it was curious to observe us getting under the shade of an oak or an elm tree, when a momentary check allowed us to do so. Then we rode over hundreds of acres abounding in lilies of the valley, at that time in full blow, which the Count de Gambis (a good sportsman) informed me were very prejudicial to scent.

Of the few who were with the hounds throughout the whole of this run, I was only acquainted with two—namely, the

Count Duval de Beaulieu, and that gallant old sportsman, the Marquis D'Aigle, who, although past his eightieth year, seemed to endure the fatigue of these two hours and a half severe work, as well as the youngest in the field.

I was sorry to find it was not the intention of the Duke of Orleans to join in the chase this day. But no doubt his royal highness judged wisely in preserving his physical powers for the duties he had to perform at the chateau on that and the following evening. In consequence of the sickness in his stud, and the calls upon it by his numerous visiters at the chateau, he was unable to mount me for the chase, but I rode a charming hunter of Count Duval's, one of the best gallopers over rough ground I ever was on the back of. The count himself rode his clever little thorough-bred mare, Strawberry, of whom I have before spoken as one of the cleverest of her sort,

and she appeared to carry him on this day over the roughest ground in an extraordinary manner; to use the old huntsman's expression, indeed, she "carried him like oil."

After a day's work of this nature, one does not feel disposed to quit a bottle of good claret, and the society of friends, to walk a good mile after dark, therefore I did not see the cutting up of the deer by torch-light at the chateau, in the presence of the royal party.

Some amusing scenes occurred in the dense crowd of horsemen assembled on the banks of the lake, the said crowd, on the side on which I myself was, being hemmed in on a very narrow road, with no fence against the lake. In his endeavour to pass through it, the immense winding horn of the Count de Gambis, when on his shoulder, by some means or other contrived to encircle the head of a man on a pony,

and the nicest management was necessary to prevent either his being pulled off his saddle, or throttled. Then the horse ridden by the Prince de Joinville commenced lashing out his hinder heels, with every prospect of either kicking me or my horse, or knocking a boy on a pony into the lake. Knowing his royal highness to be rather deaf, I called somewhat loudly to him, requesting he would turn his horse's head,—when I was accosted by a French gentleman, who asked me, with some vehemence, if I were aware that I was speaking to one of the royal princes? Commending the loyalty of the gentleman, I courteously informed him that I knew whom I was addressing, but that on such an occasion, when a broken leg or injury to a friend's horse was on the cards, ceremony must, for the moment, be dispensed with.

The reader may like to see a French account of this singular affair:—

"The hounds," says the 'Constitutionnel,' "threw off on Saturday at Ermenonville, and the forest was filled with numerous equipages. At their head was the Duchess of Orleans, with her six beautiful ponies, and the Duke of Orleans on horseback. On every side was an appearance of festivity and pleasure. At first the crowd directed their steps towards the Forest of Ermenonville, to witness the stag break cover; but the animal had not waited for the hunters, and when they came up it was gone. The cavalcade was then obliged to return to the Lake of Commiles, in the forest of Chantilly, where, in the front of the Maison de la Reine Blanche, a collation was laid out for the ladies. After an hour's delay, the dogs having fallen on a second stag, and left it, drove the first animal, notwithstanding the noise of the crowd, the music of the military band at Chantilly, the tumult of horses and carriages, the

clamours of more than five thousand persons on foot and on horseback, to take soil in one of the large ponds. It was followed into the water by about a score and a half of the hounds, and the crowd which ran up was immense. After a *hallali* of twenty minutes, as fears were entertained of its escaping, and thus spoiling the *curée* by torch-light announced for the night, two shots were fired at the animal, who was only wounded. The dogs at this period were so fatigued by being in the water, that some of them were nearly drowned. The stag had twice swum from the side of the pond, and dinner was ready at the Chateau. (!) Three guards were sent at last in in a skiff to seize the animal, and taking it by the horns, they drowned it."

This is a most incorrect account, as far as it relates to the first and middle parts of the chase, but the dinner being ready at the chateau must be allowed to be a worthy climax

to the scene. It reminds me of the late Lord Middleton, when his hounds hunted Warwickshire. "Come, Harry," said his lordship to his huntsman, "I fear you are thinking more of your mutton-chops at home, than of finding your second fox."

"Venery," continues the writer, "is losing ground in France; our manners and the sub-divisions of estates are against it, leaving the higher orders of society without sufficient opulence to carry it on in the spirit it requires. The Duke of Orleans" (a master of the hounds!) "guards himself carefully against the seductions of the chase, but yielding only to wise and just considerations, and not to false prejudices, he grants to it all the encouragement a prince ought to accord. His principal hunting establishment is at St. Germain, under the direction of M. Firmin, as premier piqueur. The pack is not very large, but sufficiently strong and well-trained to take its stag after

a run of two hours, or two hours and a half. His royal highness very seldom joins the chase, but leaves it to Count de Gambis to preside."

The "Constitutionnel" then proceeds to produce two instances of what he calls the *ardeur* of the royal pack. The first exhibits them breaking away from the terrace at St. Germain, after a hare, and running her across the forest as far as the Porte Dauphiné; the other, when in pursuit of a stag, preferring that of a stray dog, which they ran till they caught, and then ate him up on the spot! No doubt the duke smiled at this compliment paid to his pack, and I am equally sure that his good nature will pardon me for repeating it.

Speaking seriously, I do not believe the duke's *passion*—to use a popular French term—is for the chase. No man on earth loves racing better than his royal highness does; and, as an Englishman who knows

him well observed to me, he would rather be shot at than not see a race in which one of his own horses is engaged. And to shew how earnest he is in his endeavours to distinguish himself on the turf, it is only necessary to say, that at the period which I am speaking of, his stud consisted of twenty-three in training, and about thirty young ones at the Meudon stud-farm.

When speaking of the liberal hand with which the Duke of Orleans performs the work he has to do, I may appropriately introduce a sketch of his royal father's magnificence, which I received from indisputable authority. What is called his Majesty's establishment consists of eight hundred livery-servants—that is, men in different capacities, wearing the royal livery—in Paris, and the palaces in the vicinity of it; one hundred and seventy carriages, including Berlins, coupés, calesches, and britskas, together with twenty-six richly-gilt and orna-

mented state-carriages, six hundred and forty-five horses, two hundred and forty saddles, and three hundred and forty-five men employed in the stables. There are a great many English horses in the stables; amongst them, six sets of grays, far superior, I am told by a tasty Englishman, to any to be seen in our royal stables; also several Arabs, of one of which the following, to me, incredible feat is ascribed:— He was presented to the king by Abdel Kader, by whom he was once ridden eighty-five *leagues* in twenty-four hours, without food or water. Now, allowing only two and a half miles to a league, the distance would be two hundred miles.

To return for a moment to the stag-hunt: I have more than once observed that there is more science called for at times in hunting the stag, than that of any other animal of the chase. Had I entertained doubts on this subject, the proceedings of this day

would have dispelled them. We were more than once with only two couples of hounds; nevertheless, by the intuitive knowledge of the huntsmen of the run of the hunted deer, together with the aid afforded them by the slot, we were very rarely at fault—certainly for not more than three minutes at any one time; and when the scent held, and we had anything like a body of hounds with us, the pace was far from slow—one or other of the huntsmen anticipating every turn. I may also remark, that the heat of the sun, the dry state of the ground, together with the "stinking lilies," as old Dick Knight, the Pytchley huntsman, would have termed them, were no small difficulties to contend against.

The third day—the grand day in France, *the Sunday*—was most favourable as regarded the weather, and the party from the chateau, who had attended early mass, was more numerous than ever. In fact,

the good city of Paris was said to be nearly stripped of its *élite* by the charms of the Chantilly races. The running also was very good, and to the following amount:—

The Duke of Orleans's prize of 3000 francs, won by Mr. Rothschild's Vendredi, beating four others, at three heats. Amongst these was the Duke's Gyges, by Priam, who ran so gallantly on the first day, and who would have won this prize, had he been in anything like his best form. He was actually not in what is called training, having been lying in a paddock with merely a box to run into, in consequence of having been what is called "all over amiss." The performance of this horse in his then unprepared state—for very little work could be given him—was a double compliment; first, to the blood of the renowned Priam, his sire, and next, to the judgment of George Edwards, his trainer, who measured his powers so nicely as to venture to bring him

to the post at all. This was a beautiful race. Lord Henry's Gavotte, by Terror, was second in both heats.

The Hack Stakes was won by M. Lecoulteux' Piquaillon, ridden by himself, beating five others; and the Chateau Margeaux forced Handicap, with 2000 francs given by "no one knows whom"—"*par l'anonyme*," as the programme had it—by the Duke's Dansemaitre, beating four others—a capital race. Next followed the grand prize of the meeting—the French Derby, for which nine horses came to the post, eight paying forfeit. It ended in a beautiful race between the Duke's Tragedie and Lord H. Seymour's clever little mare, Poetess, ridden by W. Boyce. Faustus, by Emilius, his dam Fleur-de-Lis, the favourite mare of George IV., as was expected, turned restive, or he was considered good enough to have won.

Three English steeple-chase horses after-

wards started for a hurdle-race, which Sam Weller won, as might have been expected from his superior appearance and condition. He was ridden by a French gentleman named Alloire, as was Creighton, the Prince of Moskowa's horse, by his brother, Count Edgar Ney, who came in third and last. Another hurdle-race also followed, won by M. de Perregaux' Farmer, ridden by himself. In these two exhibitions, the jockeys were all French, with the exception of Mr. Gale, who had no chance on Revealer in the first race, and was put *hors de combat* in the second by a fall. The French gentleman jockeys, however, should take a lesson from the manner in which he, Mr. Gale, handled his horses in their leaps, and not disturb their horses' mouths, and consequently their action, on coming up to their leaps. But leaps indeed they could scarcely be called, the hurdles being not more than

three feet and a half high, and leaning from the horses.

Some estimate may be formed of the future progress of French racing by the facts of one breeder alone, M. Eugene Aumont, who resides near Caen, in Normandy, having named eight colts and fillies for the Foal Stakes of 1843,* at Chantilly spring meeting, and the Duke of Orleans having named the produce of six mares for the Produce Stakes of 1844. Two of them are by Lottery, and four by Ibrahim, late the property of Lord Jersey. M. Lupin also names the produce of his three celebrated mares, purchased at Hampton Court sale, and of one other, called Aimable.

Not having attended the autumn Chantilly meeting, I have nothing to say on that subject, and have only a few observations

* Two of these are by Lord Westminster's Touchstone.

to make on the one I am now writing about; two of which, however, I hope may meet the eye of an influential member of the Paris Jockey Club. In the first place, a quarterly (at least) sheet-calendar should be published. It would save a great deal of unnecessary correspondence between owners and trainers, as to engagements, &c., and be of great service to the latter in getting their horses ready for any changes that may be made, besides refreshing their memories as to all essential points. Secondly, there is a necessity for more jockeys that can ride light, or the weights to be carried should be increased. It is murdering jockeys to cause them to waste, as some of them did at the last Chantilly spring meeting. I now forget what Charles Edwards told me he lost by wasting, but I remember Twitchett (who, by the way, was hired by the Count Duval de Beaulieu) saying, he reduced himself more than four-

teen pounds in a short time, and then could not ride the weight. I also wish to notice the incorrectness of the book-calendar. For example: in that of 1840, Beggerman's sire is said to be Cadland instead of Zinganee. The Duke's Locomotive, Weeper instead of Alteruter—Weeper (late Lord Exeter's) being her dam; and a grey mare, that ran twice at Toulouse, is said to be by Royal Oak or Cadland, whereas her sire is Allington. These mistakes in blood might lead breeders astray in a young racing country.

There were nearly two hundred racehorses in the town of Chantilly during the last spring meeting; but the show at the post, for nearly all the races, was very much lessened by the epizootic that was raging throughout the stables, with the single exception of Lord H. Seymour's, whose stud, under Boyce's management, appeared in high feather. This untoward event caused

some horses to win against those better than themselves, but not fit to run. Neither is the amount of money to be run for at this meeting, by any means to be thought lightly of. To the Jockey Club stakes of last year but one, there were twenty-nine subscribers of 600 francs each, with 7000 francs given by the Society for Encouraging the Breed of Horses in France ; to the Trial Stakes, eighteen ; and to the Foal Stakes, twelve ; and to the Trial Stakes, 1842, of 1000 francs each, half forfeit, with 3000 francs added, there are seventeen. Supposing all to start, the value of this stake would be £800.

On my not seeing Edgar Pavis on the course, and inquiring the cause, I found he was in his grave. He was for many years the favourite and successful jockey of the Duke of Orleans, and there was a suavity of manners, added to a total absence of affectation in his deportment, which

gained him the goodwill of both his superiors and his equals. In person, he bore a strong resemblance to his late Newmarket brother; was esteemed a good jockey (an excellent judge of pace) on horses that did not require the extreme of horsemanship, he not having been very powerful in his seat, and wanting a little in that energy which a jockey should display in a closely-contested race.

Notwithstanding the handsome conduct of the Duke of Orleans, in his present of the Goodwood cup, in return for that which Beggarman won for him the preceding year, it is my opinion that, with all his "appliances and means to boot," his royal highness will be disappointed in future attempts to win this, or any other great English prize, *with a French-bred horse.* My general readers are all aware of what value I put on the effect of good food on horse-flesh. To the very letter, I agree with the well-known aphor-

ism of the great John Warde, that "*half* of the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth." There is, then, that striking difference in the hay and oats of the two countries, as to their nutritive properties, to say nothing of the journey from France to England, that must greatly operate against the French-bred horse, let his blood and action be what they may.

It is apparent that a great change is working in the general character of the upper and the next class of the French people, and that independently of racing; the proprietors of estates are amusing and employing themselves with pursuing objects which, when brought to maturity, will prove more useful to their country, and more honourable to themselves, than those to be met with in the saloons of Paris, or at watering-places and spas. Agriculture is becoming a principal one, and noblemen and gentlemen in France are beginning

to find out and write about the virtues of a Durham short-horned bullock, a new Leicester or South Down sheep, or a pig *made like a pig*, and not like a Welsh greyhound dog, of which the indigenous French pig is nearly a *fac-simile* in a great many of his points. These pursuits were long since considered beneath the notice of the highly-bred French gentleman; but times are changed, and, united to the greatly prevailing and rapidly increasing passion for horse-breeding, we Englishmen of a certain age now see *monsieur* a very different character from what we were taught to look upon him in our younger days. The example of the heir-apparent to the crown, in one or more branches of rural and manly pursuits, will materially tend to the desired end produced by this change; nor is it possible that his royal highness can be without the influence he ought to possess, in whatever walk of life

he may exercise it. One need only see him during the four days at Chantilly race-meeting, to observe his earnest desire to afford pleasure to all who come thither in pursuit of it. An instance of this might be produced from the manner in which I myself was saluted by him on the first day.

"Ah! Mr. A.," said his royal highness to me, "I was very sorry not to see you at St. Omer."

The fact was, I had been honoured by a special invitation to his fête there, but a slight attack of influenza, at that time prevalent, prevented my obeying the command, which I should have much liked to have done.

As for the doings at the chateau on this occasion, whatever could be procured by money, as contributing to effect, was there in profusion. Even the dramatic performances of the evenings were said to have cost four hundred pounds each, including

the handsome presents of necklaces, bracelets, &c., for the various distinguished actresses.

At least ten thousand persons were said to have come from Paris to partake of the pleasures of this fête; a number of couriers were employed to keep up a constant communication with the capital, and to bring supplies of such luxuries as could not be obtained at Chantilly, amongst them a profusion of bouquets for the ladies!

I now take my leave of the subject of foreign sporting; but not without some satisfaction in the reflection that I have been an humble instrument in promoting the love of those manly pursuits, for which my country is so conspicuous, in several distant parts of the world, in which they were till lately little known and less regarded. In one respect I have myself witnessed the good effects of this adoption of my country's example. I have narrowly

watched the intimate association of Frenchmen and Englishmen on the French turf, and I can truly say that nothing can exceed the good fellowship that exists between them on that ground. In fact, a total abandonment of any feelings connected with the position of their respective countries in former days, is the happy result; and nothing is to be observed in their proceedings, on all occasions, but that kindred good fellowship which ought to exist between gentlemen of all countries, when jointly pursuing the same worthy object with the same views.

POSTSCRIPT.

Several passages in this last chapter render it necessary to remind the reader of what was intimated in a note to a former page—that the greater portion of

this work was written, and the whole sent to press, before the late melancholy catastrophe of the Duke of Orleans' death.

That it is the intention of the lamented duke's Royal Father to carry out the admirable views of his late son, relative to the improvement in the breed of French horses, and by the only efficient means—namely, the encouragement of horse-racing,—is fully proved by the *eclât* given to the autumn Chantilly meeting of this year, (1842.)

THE END.

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